For Meaning of this Number, see Page ii. of Cover.

JOHN BULL

Vol. VIII. No. 205 | SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1910. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

No. 214773

The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

Contents

The World, the Flesh, and the Devil.

John Bull's Biscuits.

The Telephone Call.

Our Private Theatre.

John Bull League.

John Bull in the City.

John Bull's Post-cards, Letters, and Telegrams.

The Cartoon.

The Drama of To-day.

Human Document.

John Bull's Womenfolk.

Bull's Eyes.

John Bull's Letter Bag.

Racing Notes, etc.

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The following claims have been received for the issues of March 19th and 26th:—

F. H. MILNE, 22, Newhall Hill, Birmingham. (No 231,592.—March 19th.)

T. A. WARBURTON, 87, Limekiln Lane, Poulton, Cheshire. (No. 110,394.—March 19th.)

J. SHEPHERD, Commercial Hotel, Keith. (No. 148,035.—March 26th.)

B. BRYAN, 14c, Kennington Oval, S.E. (No. 21,034.—March 26th.)

J. JONES, 157, Well Street, Hockley, Birmingham. (No. 14,117.—March 26th.)

AUGUST WHITAKER, Canal Road, Bradford. (No. 188,585.—March 26th.)

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of April 9:—

92.8	99763	171864	219918	308416
30558	103055	177956	222255	321475
32190	122091	178277	223668	323728
43373	133758	179780	226027	329183
45755	143145	183351	227509	333096
56668	153801	193897	230570	340038
66302	157337	197452	235677	356286
75839	162883	204070	239698	361910
76662	164156	207920	240534	364066
83453	170243	215288	279263	377876

INITIAL NOUGHTS SHOULD BE DISREGARDED, BUT FINAL ONES ARE, OF COURSE, RECKONED.

THE FIFTY NUMBERS IN RESPECT OF THIS WEEK WILL BE ANNOUNCED IN OUR ISSUE DATED JUNE 4TH (PUBLISHED JUNE 2ND).

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

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(under the Auspices of the League)

WILL BE HELD IN

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THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The most important event calling for comment at the time of our going to press with this page—Friday, April 29th—is the wonderful London to Manchester Air flight. And after congratulating the gallant Frenchman who has achieved it, and condoling with the unlucky Englishman who has not, our obvious duty is to thank the *Daily Mail* for its splendid enterprise in the matter. We should have thought that common journalistic decency would have prompted every one of our contemporaries to adopt a similar course—but this is an age of Little People. We often fall foul of the great Harmsworth group, but we are very proud of them to-day. They have made history—and, in making it, they have placed a crown of glory upon the whole institution of modern journalism. Three cheers for Lord Northcliffe!

When the Frenchman started out on his triumphal flight, the Englishman was asleep! When Blériot flew across the Channel, Mr. Latham was asleep! Whilst Germany and other nations are stealing away our markets—whilst they are even challenging our Naval supremacy—John Bull is asleep! Wake up, John, for God's sake—or, at any rate, for your own.

We note that after Mr. Grahame-White came down at Hademere he attended morning service in the parish church, where, it is recorded, Prebendary Bolton "offered prayer for the preservation of those who travel by land, by water, and by air." Though this looks like a theological precedent, it would be unreasonable for anybody to take objection to it. People who travel by air probably stand in need of as much prayer as they can get. Even Lloyd's won't insure them on earth.

The political situation is calm to dull. The Lords have swallowed the Budget, the "Constitutional struggle" is in abeyance, and the Revolution is indefinitely postponed. Meanwhile, the Man in the Street goes about his business, with his mind on Rubber and Flying Machines—both of which are destined ere long to have a mighty fall. Any man who does not realise that the old Party system of Government has collapsed, and that it is now as dead as the Dodo, must be without eyes—or nose! "Let us have a few Business Men to look after the Business of the country and leave me alone to look after mine," is the "cry"—and the only "cry"—of to-day. Blériot and Paulhan may yet save us.

Of course, there will be many strange features of the death struggle of the old system. One of them will be an alliance between the Conservatives and the Corkers—between Mr. Balfour and Mr. O'Brien. Sounds improbable, doesn't it? Wait and see.

Surely Mr. Denman, the Marlborough Street magistrate, set a very dangerous precedent when, the other day, he dismissed a summons against a "missionary worker," who admitted that he had boxed the ears of a man because he found him up West in the company of two women. "No doubt an assault in law had been committed," said Mr. Denman, "but the defendant's conduct had been manly and straightforward *and with the kindest intentions.*" After this, how can a Suffragette be convicted for smacking the face of a policeman?

Will Mr. McKenna enquire into the condition of things on board H.M.S. *Pegasus?* We hear of 57 warrants in less than ten months, with a crew of about 200, and that the men "are full of discontent." Who is the First Lieutenant of the ship, and what is the cause of the trouble?

The John Bull League is catching on like wildfire. We can find no halls in the country large enough for its meetings. We shall have something important to say, shortly, about its intentions at the next General Election.

What has become of the Duke of Leinster?

In a recent issue we had a note on a curious sermon preached by the Rev. W. Rice, Rector of Simpson. The reporter of the local paper turned up at the church on the following Sunday, expecting to hear another. He did. The rector invited the "scribbling youth" to "stand out" and "he would give him something to take down." After trouncing local papers in general, and the reporter's in particular, the rector added, "If that young man will come to my house to-night we will have a glass of grog and a friendly chat"; then he announced his text as "Love thy neighbour as thyself." The reporter grievously erred in not calling for the grog. Our reverend brother would probably have given it to him hot.

Apropos the clergy, there is a partly-built church in a new neighbourhood at Dover, St. Barnabas. In the course of a sermon the other Sunday the vicar, the Rev. E. J. Hamson, stated that "not one of the Dissenters ever worshipped God in reality, but went to their so-called chapels for amusement and to pass the time." One of our readers happened to be a member of the congregation, and "as a life-long Churchman whose family have given many, I hope, worthy clergymen to the Church," he wrote to the vicar spiritedly protesting. He is still without a reply. Probably the vicar cannot think of one.

Mrs. Mabel Biddulph—the lady in the Divorce Court last week—frequently described the co-respondent in her diary in terms of molasses. She wrote on two or three occasions that the King's Messenger was "very sweet." Now "very sweet" may, from the view-point of a lady, even of a married lady, be the appropriate description of a hat, or a costume, or a poodle; but it obviously suggests danger on the line when applied to a man who is neither a husband nor a relation of any sort. If a lady must call a man very sweet, she should at least take care that he is one who has some right to be sticky.

From what was said at the last meeting of the Gillingham Borough Council, it appears that even the majority in favour of the experimental Sunday concerts in the park, are inclined to be rather horrified at the suggestion that any of the artists should be paid for their services, even by means of a collection. As Councillor Tapp put it, however, "parsons are paid for their services on Sundays, and why should not artists be?" But then you cannot get parsons to work for nothing on Sundays. Gillingham ratepayers may be more fortunate with their local artists.

About two years ago Robert Wolfe, then aged 15, was sent from Birmingham to the Little Mill Reformatory at Pontypool for the heinous offence of sleeping-out. We understand it is a rule of the reformatory that when a lad is sent out on the business of the institution he must be accompanied by an official. However that may be, the lad was recently sent into the town by the superintendent to deliver goods. Instead of returning, he absconded to the house of one of his relations at Birmingham, was brought back, and prosecuted before the Pontypool magistrates. The lad seems to have borne an excellent character at the reformatory. Last Christmas, when his mother died, he asked for leave to attend the funeral, but it was refused. During the week previous to absconding he received news that his sister was seriously ill, and probably thinking that if he asked for leave to visit her he would be refused again, he took the opportunity of calling "on his own." The magistrates sentenced the lad to twelve months' imprisonment in a Borstal institution. They could hardly have served him worse if he had been an incorrigible.

Derry has also its magistrates. One of them is a Mr. William Austin who, according to the *Derry People*, usually presides at the Petty Sessions. Before this amazing person an old woman of 70 has been hailed for begging. Denying the charge, she said she was on her way to see a clergyman who was interesting himself in some question which had arisen out of her old age pension, when she was charged by the constable. "Seven days" was the magisterial comment. The old woman tearfully protested. She was not begging. She was speaking the truth. She had never in her life been charged with any offence; never even been in a court of law before. All to no purpose. What Mr. Austin had said he had said. At this point the District Inspector interfered with the suggestion that a caution would meet the case. Then it was Mr. Austin climbed down—and let the old woman go. We shall have to watch this Mr. Austin. The *Derry People* roundly calls him a "fat-head"; but perhaps after all it is merely timber he carries under his hat.

Actors and actresses will be interested in the statement of the Rev. T. W. Jamieson, pastor of the Park Road Wesleyan Chapel, Hastings, that "in 99 cases out of 100, the woman who goes on the stage loses all that woman should hold most dear." Evidently the reverend gentleman has been counting; but, at a guess, we should say he is not very good at averages.

Some few days since an old man, weary and exhausted with long tramping, was inquiring his way to the workhouse at Belmont. This was at eleven o'clock at night. He was then at Addiscombe, and Belmont was six miles distant. The story he told was that he had been sent from St. Pancras to Belmont to tramp the distance of sixteen miles. He had in his possession an envelope addressed to the workhouse master, his route being carefully sketched upon it. Nevertheless he had lost his way, and but for a kindly Samaritan in the uniform of a police officer, he would probably have found his resting-place that night beneath the stars. The *Croydon Advertiser*, which reports the facts, does not give the old man's name, nor does it state whether the workhouse authorities at Croydon, or some unofficial person, ordered him on his weary way to Belmont. It is certainly an act of inhumanity if a St. Pancras official is responsible. Perhaps an inquiry will be made by the Clerk to the Guardians.

Probably the people of the Isle of Man have thoroughly enjoyed the ridiculous spectacle of the Kerruish, he who sits for South Douglas in the House of Keys, declaiming like a Sabbatarian and voting like a reasonable being on the Sunday question. The attitude of the Manx Tartuffes is that visitors who will not be driven into the Methodist bethels on Sundays shall not, or at any rate should not, be allowed to listen to an organ recital or a sacred concert in the Villa Marina. They want to make a Douglas Sunday as dull as Bournemouth, where the alternative of going to chapel is a walk along the front or through the cemetery. Happily, the majority of Manxmen are not enamoured of their Killjoys, whose noise is quite disproportionate to their influence.

His Majesty's Inspector has recommended the Southampton Education Committee to provide a sofa in the staff-room of the Girls' Grammar School and also in the store-room for girls temporarily indisposed. Up to date we have not heard of his proposing sofas for the staff-rooms of the elementary schools, where it is understood teachers faint on anything that comes handy. Will the Inspector's next educational requirement in the Girls' Grammar School be eau de Cologne and scent sprays?

Though General Smith-Dorrien may lose a few moments of his undoubted popularity by his order that the smoking of cigarettes by all ranks throughout the Aldershot command must cease when under arms or on fatigue duty, it may be taken for granted that he has made a step in the right direction. At first thought one might question whether the "fag," as Tommy calls it, is worth the official notice of a commanding officer. But General Smith-Dorrien is not one of the fussy or tyrannical sort. The probability is that he has banned the cigarette on the representations of the medical officers and the gymnastic instructors. Tommy's way of smoking a cigarette is to make a chimney of his nose. He will now have to take to a pipe if he wants to smoke on duty, his officers setting him the example.

Is it worth while being a lady? Here is an advertisement from a weekly fashion journal: "Lady (25-30) teach girl 11. Good linguist and needlewoman essential. Salary £10–£12. Mrs. ——, Maida Vale." And here another: "General servant wanted; age 20-25; two in family; no washing; liberal holidays; wages £20. Apply ——, Kilburn." Now some of us will know what to do with our girls.

Politicians may often learn more from the reading of a Business Report than from the most erudite "authority." We have before us the last Report of the Deutsche Bank—one of the largest banking institutions in the world—with an annual turnover of five thousand millions sterling. And we have been struck with this sentence: "German emigration has dwindled down to about one-tenth of the figure of 1881, *and has become well-nigh extinct*—a further proof that the country employs and wants all her population without being obliged to look abroad for aggrandisement." The Tariff Reformer will, of course, find argument here from the Unemployment point of view; but what concerns us most, at the moment, is to ask—Why, then, this ever-increasing German Navy? It is an ugly question. But, as the late George Jacob Holyoake once said, the ugliest truth is handsomer than the prettiest fallacy. Oh, for that Business Government!

It cannot be too plainly understood that if you want a German band or an Italian organ-grinder to clear away from the door of your happy and peaceful home you must state the reason why, otherwise the performers are entitled to proceed with the music. This is the latest magisterial decision. An irate "Be off at once!" won't do at all. To make it legally effective must be added, "You'll wake the baby," or "Missus has a splitting headache," or "You are annoying the dog." Why this should be so, heaven only knows; unless the Legislature thinks it desirable that the hospitable people of a free country should be ever courteous to those who come to us from afar to soothe our savage breasts.

The *Guernsey Weekly Press* contains an account of a "mishap" to a vessel called *The Alert*, which "had been engaged for a pilotage examination"—of three candidates from the L. and S. W. Railway. It appears that *The Alert* "struck a rock in Rocquaine Bay," with the result that she had to be "sent to Southampton for repairs." The report then observes, "The three candidates for the pilot's certificate passed successfully." Pity they didn't pass that rock!

During the Nice aviation meeting, M. Effimoff flew over the head of the British competitor, created a down draught, and sent him fluttering into the deep. Afterwards, "M. Effimoff was fined £4 and officially reprimanded for dangerous flying." Wonder whether he pleaded the inaccuracy of the policeman's stop-watch!

Following the pathetic wail of *The Scotsman*, regarding the falling off of church attendance, the *Methodist Recorder* is the next to lift up its voice and weep for the "arrest" of membership in the Methodist churches. In four years, it appears, there has been a loss of 9,869 members. It seems very plain to us that the "backsliding" so bitterly complained of is the natural consequence of the churches' failure to keep abreast of the times, and their refusal to recognise the obvious fact that the old puritanical ideals are no longer acceptable to the people of the twentieth century. Another fruitful cause of Nonconformist disaffection is the unfortunate degree to which Methodism has associated itself with party politics. The practice of exploiting religious convictions in the interests of a particular party is obnoxious to all truly religious men and women. The unnatural marriage between religion (so-called) and politics (as practised) has always produced, and always will produce, a monstrous progeny.

We notice from the annual report that the Bath Lord's Day Observance Society is still much troubled in spirit because cinematograph entertainments continue to take place at the local theatre on Sunday evenings. The members stigmatise the entertainments as "a public scandal," and that "they have not done with the matter yet." Neither the Watch Committee nor the inhabitants generally see any harm in them, however, so that it is more than likely that the local L.D.O.S. will go on beating the air.

They appear to have been enjoying all the fun of the fair at the Parish Council of Long Clawson. The members elected consisted of three Tories and three Liberals, and as neither side would agree with the other about anything, the net result of the deliberations at the last meeting was nothing. So determined was the struggle that several of the members became exhausted, made pillows of their overcoats, and curled themselves up in sleep. For all we know they would have slept on till cockcrow if four of them had not awoke to pair and depart, leaving one tireless Tory and one lusty Liberal to fight it out with each other or follow on home. They decided to go home.

Mr. William George, the brother of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been telling the Commission on Justices of the Peace that though North Wales is overwhelmingly Nonconformist in religion, Liberal in politics, and Welsh in language, a large majority of the magistrates are Churchmen, Tories and English-speaking. And they do give it hot to people who poach a wild rabbit.

In the opinion of Mr. Owen Seaman, who edits *Punch*, Lord Rosebery's failure in politics is probably explainable by the fact that he has a sense of humour. Our own explanation is not exactly this. It is that when his lordship discusses politics he is in a different humour from that of everybody else.

We have never been able to understand the devotion of otherwise humane ladies to the cult of the osprey plume. It is not even pretty. Moreover, only the most ignorant of women (women who, like a certain politician, never read the newspapers) can plead that they do not know that the price of the osprey plume is not to be reckoned in money alone, but also in wanton cruelty. The Lady Mayoress of London has now publicly declared that she will never wear osprey plumes again; we believe they are also tabooed by the members of the Royal Family. Anyway, we warmly pass on to our lady readers the plea of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Mrs. Bull must forgive our trespassing—as we frequently forgive hers.

A Glasgow man, for the time down on his luck, recently found in his letter-box a pencilled card stating that "the school has reported your child James as not having suitable boots and clothing; if you are not in a position to provide them, kindly apply at Barony Institute, on Tuesday, with card left"—the card being headed "Charity Organisation Society." The honest poor are sensitive, sometimes unduly sensitive, and on our correspondent protesting that he would not accept any assistance from the society, he says he was met by the threat that the schoolmaster would compel the boy to get proper clothes. He has managed to buy his boy a pair of clogs, but he declares the lad's clothes are "quite warm and whole, although not new." If the clothing is warm, whole, and clean, he need not fear being sent to prison, as he seems to do, for failure to comply with any fastidious tastes the schoolmaster may have in regard to Glasgow fashions, though we are bound to say that his refusal to accept assistance for his boy when offered was false and foolish pride. Let our correspondent treat the proferred aid of the Charity Organisation Society as a loan, on the security of his future prosperity, and instead of calling it charity, call it business. One always expects a Scot to be practical.

And while we are speaking of Glasgow let us refer to another matter. In a Socialist newspaper a statement is made—and we believe official chapter and verse are not wanting to support it—that in this great city 17,000 women known to the police are selling their bodies and souls day by day for bread, that among them and between them are barefooted, ragged, starving children, and that large numbers of girls under 14, trading in its gutters, are suffering from horrible and loathsome diseases. That must be well in the way of a record for Europe. Time and time again one hears Scottish pietists declaiming against the vices and pleasures of the Continent, but go where they will across the Channel—to Paris, or Vienna, or Brussels, or Berlin, or Hamburg—they will find no horror equivalent to that revealed in Glasgow. The Continental Sunday, as pictured by the smug, canting, eye-lifting, sermonising, precept-mongering holy men of Glasgow and elsewhere in Scotland has nowhere a hideous, nauseating abomination for human eyes and human thought such as that. Where can be Glasgow's religion? Does it only exist in the preaching and droning and praying of its unco' guid—preaching and droning and praying which are as futile against the fœtid Sodom and Gomorrah about them as the incantations of a sorceresss against a plague? The moral condition of Glasgow ought to shame all Scotland, for there is no country in the world so loud in its professions of piety and so depressing in the interpretation of its creeds.

The blessings of science are many and varied. Not only may we have our hair well cleaned with the new tetrachloride wash, at the mere risk of suffocation, but we may escape all pain during operations by imbibing the new anæsthetic called "stovaine," if we do not mind the risk of being paralysed to death in the process. For ourselves, we are right off stovaine, whatever its incidental advantages may be. Recently a man, a poor man we understand, suffering from cancer, was rendered unconscious with stovaine at St. Thomas's Hospital. The "loss of sensitiveness was exceedingly rapid," and instead of only paralysing the patient "a little above the point of injection," it paralysed "the respiratory muscles" and other things. And the man, within fifteen minutes, was dead. "Its rapid effect might be due to the depletion of the deceased's body, brought about by continual vomiting," said the expert. Which ought to satisfy anyone. At any rate, it satisfied the coroner's jury.

We are ardent educational reformers. That is why we were so much struck with the decision of the School Board of Milwaukee, which is, we believe, in the Great Republic, to institute a system of teaching "one popular song per month in all public schools," and to start off with "What's the use of moonlight, if there's no one round to love?" Reading this significant report, we ceased to wonder at many things that previously had appeared mysterious to us in the life of the United States. Staying lately in an English village where continuation schools exist, we inquired as to the curriculum, and were interested to learn that almost everything (shorthand included) was taught, save anything remotely connected with agriculture. We had intended to moralise on the fact and on the comparative non-success of those schools; but this Milwaukee item restrains us. If one popular song per month were taught in our village schools, commencing with "I love a lassie," we should probably hear no more of rural depopulation, and the town music-hall would cease to attract Hodge from the land.

In one respect, at any rate, nobody can question that this is a free country; if you do not like the name you are born with you need not have it. At Emsworth, in Hampshire, is a provision dealer hitherto named Oliver Bridge Churchyard; one of those numerous persons, apparently, who "cannot stand a joke." Now it is as obvious as Dutch cheese that nobody can go through life with the name of Churchyard without having to face the fire of multifarious jibes, and Mr. Churchyard has taken so grave a view of the matter as to advertise that he intends formally and absolutely to renounce, relinquish and abandon Churchyard for Church. Possibly the jokes will now have reference to his having had to go to Church to save his name.

There is a great deal in the protest of Dr. Spenser, the headmaster of University College School, Hampstead, against the domination of our educational system by "the older Universities." This applies especially to our methods of secondary education and the evening schools system. As Dr. Spenser says, the claims of the one boy who wishes to apply himself to a manual or mechanical or scientific pursuit, rather than to a clerical one, are ignored in favour of that "one boy in a hundred" who will go to a 'Varsity. The evil no doubt is based on the desire of masters to be able to boast of pet boys who have won their way through to a University endowment. All honour may be due to these lads; but a national system of education on business lines, for an industrial and business people like the English, would be framed in the interest of the "average boy." The peculiarly "gifted" lad may, as a rule, be left to look after himself.

Some interesting facts have come to light about Halley's comet. A gentleman at Greenwich Observatory, of all places, has discovered an analogy between the General Election of this year and that of 1835, when the same comet visited us. Then, as now, there had previously been a large Liberal majority, in fact it comprised precisely one vote more than in the last Parliament; stranger still, the number of the Opposition both now and after the election of 1835 is precisely 273. Political meteorologists may find comfort in the fact that the Liberal Government of 1835 lasted for nearly six years. Meanwhile, even the Opposition may rejoice in reflecting over the double assurance of a good vintage this year. Everybody is agreed that a comet year is specially good for wine, and we believe we have already pointed out that general election years also happen to be beneficial to grapes. Look at 1874, 1880, 1885, 1886 and 1900, for instance. After all, this is perhaps as good a theory as many of those on which systems of theology and philosophy are founded.

Apropos our paragraph last week on the Church Army appeal for funds to send out 5,000 lads to Australia, the following advertisement, from the *West Australian*, has been sent us :—

> For Sale, Orphan Boy, cheap, or will lease, in good condition.

It will be remembered that the concluding sentence in our paragraph last week was :

> On the face of it, Mr. Carlile's scheme looks like a plan to supply Queensland sugar-planters with white labour, practically slave labour, in the place of Kanakas who can no longer be obtained.

We must not, however, run the risk of having to swallow one of our own biscuits for taking the advertisement literally. We have reason to believe that "Orphan Boy" is nothing more than a Stud Ram!

Look out for an important Ministerial announcement.

Who shall dare to say that this is not a free country? Read this—from the *Glasgow Herald* :—

> In the County Buildings, Glasgow, yesterday, William Wilson, butcher, 7, Norfolk Street, for serving a customer with steak cuttings at 7.10 p.m., was fined 5s. and expenses, and the same penalty was imposed on Jeanie Wilson or Sharp, dairykeeper, 207, Firhill Road, for selling ¼lb. of boiled ham at 8.15 p.m.

THE WEEK'S "CHESTNUT" :—

The Bishop and his wife had been invited to a country house for the week-end, and in accepting the invitation this is what his Grace wrote : "We hope to be with you, D.V., on Friday afternoon, *but in any case*, not later than Saturday morning."

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE HAS ITS EYE ON—

THE VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, BERWICK-ON-TWEED, WHO DISAPPROVES OF A SALE OF WORK, OR A BAZAAR, AND STRONGLY PROTESTS AGAINST A PROPOSED WHIST DRIVE IN AID OF THE CHURCH FUNDS.

"John Bull's" Biscuits.

NOTICE.—No more biscuits for births, deaths, or marriages, which creep into the wrong column. Much too gruesome to be funny!
OLD WOMEN.—Biscuits are uncompromisingly denied to papers alluding to "old women of both sexes." There are so many of them.
WEDDINGS.—No biscuits for bridegrooms wearing picture hats and crepe de chine. Why shouldn't they?

For placing upon Lord Beaconsfield's grave a card inscribed "In Memoriam : Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, Died April 19th, 1910,"
THE HIGH WYCOMBE CONSERVATIVE CLUB
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "WHISBY will be charged with murder at Hastings next week . . . WHISBY was given a military funeral,"
THE BRIGHTON HERALD
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "Mr. Roosevelt has enhanced the heartiness of his DECEPTION,"
THE BOSTON AMERICAN
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating, "Although the exact time cannot be given, the BOAT TRAIN *is timed to reach Waterloo at about three o'clock this afternoon, and* WILL PROCEED *to Hatfield, where* HE *will stay for the week-end,"*
THE DAILY EXPRESS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating in a report of the Cup Final that "M'William was a victim to an ATTACK OF ARGUE *in the first half, but fully recovered his physical powers after the interval,"*
THE STAR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For publishing the portrait of a lady on April 19th and 20th, upon the former date describing her as "Viscountess Chelsea," and upon the latter as "Lady Maud Warrender,"
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For its headline, "Royal ASCENT *for the Budget on April 29th,"*
THE DAILY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For announcing in the programme of the Wimbledon Skating Rink for the week ending APRIL 15*th, "We will grind scissors for 1½d. a pair or grind and set razors for 4d. (sent to us on any Wednesday in* JANUARY)."
"CHAPMAN" (Ironmonger, 1, Wimbledon Park Parade, Wimbledon)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating of Thomas Craig that "In his endeavour to avoid capture he dared not travel by day. SO LONG AS THE LIGHT LASTED HE REMAINED HIDDEN, *but when night had fallen he crawled forth and endeavoured to put as many miles as possible between himself and his pursuers," and in the next column saying that "*HE SLEPT AT NIGHT AND TRAMPED BY DAY,"
LLOYD'S WEEKLY NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that the Radicals "realise that Mr. Asquith will EITHER *succeed or fail in his request to the King to create some hundreds of new peers,"*
THE EVENING NEWS
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

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*For stating "*NO *man has ever before flown more than* 120 *miles without descending—but* THAT *man was M. Paulhan,"*
THE DAILY MIRROR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

For stating that "the DEATH OCCURRED *yesterday morning of the oldest* LIVING *director of the firm of Messrs. Bass, Ratcliff and Gretton"*
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

OPEN LETTERS, POSTCARDS AND TELEGRAMS.

To the Council of the Law Society.

Gentlemen,—Has your attention been directed to the growing practice, on the part of certain firms of solicitors, of launching pleas of "fraud and conspiracy" in civil cases whenever the defendant happens to be a public man—and it is thought that rather than face the publicity of such an allegation he is likely to settle a disputed claim? The evil is assuming serious dimensions. It has become a scandal in the profession. Every law clerk is talking about it. Every Master in Chambers is commenting upon it. Taking advantage of the "privilege" which attaches to proceedings in actions, these disreputable practitioners (backed up by docile counsel) have one common form of Pleading—Misrepresentation, Fraud and Conspiracy; but always ready to be withdrawn on payment of something for the client and "agreed costs" for themselves. Shall I send you the names of the chief offenders—or am *I* to expose them? What is your Society doing? What does it exist for?

John Bull.

To Councillor W. R. Armstrong, Sheriff of Newcastle.

Dear Sheriff,—I seem to know your name. Are not you the gentleman who a few weeks ago created a rumpus in your city by declaring that the sights in the Sheriff's room under the patronage of some of your predecessors in office and at the corporation banquets were so shocking that you had decided to abolish all inebriating refreshment from the festive board during your year of office? If so, perhaps you recall my remark at the time that ginger-beer and the flowing pump would certainly reduce your expenses.

I now notice that in addressing what you described as "a great rally of Sunday School workers," you have again been emitting sparks. "I have witnessed a lot of late," you declared, "and I have had my blood chilled and my nerves shaken at seeing teachers of the Gospel—vicars, curates, bishops—sitting taking that infernal stuff, double-distilled damnation." You mean, I suppose, that attending in your official capacity dinners to which these ecclesiastical gentlemen have also been invited, you have observed them taking wine with their food in preference to a beverage turned on at the main? I confess I appreciate the delicacy of their choice, for between two evils it has always been my own rule to choose the lesser; and I am inclined to think you have not sufficiently taken into account that while your blood was being chilled and your nerves shaken, probably their blood was being exhilarated and their nerves steadied. The fact is, my dear Sheriff, the sight of the water in your own drinking glass afflicts you with a sort of rabies, and you leave the table of hospitality and friendly communion snarling and biting indiscriminately at everybody who puts alcoholic refreshment to his lips. It is the familiar malady of the fanatical teetotaler at large. He lumps the temperate and the drunkard in one common hades of woe, for by the sloppy logic of his thought, everybody who drinks a little for his sober pleasure is on the way to the workhouse, the asylum, the gaol or the gallows—because by drinking to excess some have already got there. Such fulminations as yours, my dear Sheriff, are as futile as preachments of everlasting torment in fire and brimstone in leading people to heaven. The mission of the teetotal bigot is to destroy the liberty of temperance for the many in order to prevent the licence of bestiality for the few. In this country and in these days it is foredoomed to failure.

John Bull.

To the Rev. T. B. Castle, Pastor, Great Central Hall, Plumstead.

Dear and Rev. Brother,—I am much interested in a statement credited to you by one of the audience at a recent meeting of the Erith and District Sunday Observance Association, addressed by you in the schoolroom of the local Baptist chapel. It is that but for the fact of your being dark you would not dream of shaving on Sunday, nor would you have a pair of boots blacked on that day. Also, I suppose, that if it were not for the dirt you would not brush your hat or your coat. Do you clean your teeth or comb your hair? The people who heard you possibly appreciated your smug self-righteousness; but is it really necessary, even at a Sunday Observance meeting, for one who feels so good to make himself so ludicrous?

John Bull.

To the Rev. Kevill Davies, Rector, St. Mary's, Maldon.

Dear Rector,—Your recent sermon on Sunday Observance is in welcome contrast to a speech made by a Plumstead minister to whom, as you will notice, I have addressed a few words. With much of what you said I am in cordial agreement, and I think you must be a broad-minded and tolerant clergyman to hold and express such views. As you rightly pointed out to your congregation, Sunday is a day of privilege, and provided that they first exercised their privilege of worship, you could see no harm in their devoting the rest of the day to innocent amusement, to listening to bands in the parks, to attending Sunday League concerts, or even to playing a game of cricket. On the other hand, you preached against people who are "in a position to enjoy themselves all the week making a holiday of Sunday, and thus putting extra labour on those who have to work all the week for a living." There is nothing in all this which is contrary to that religion which anyone in the ministry of the Gospel is expected to preach and practise for the uplifting and example of his people. I am, therefore, much surprised at the currency of rumours that some members of your congregation, misinterpreting what you said, have removed their books from the pews and withdrawn from the church. Sunday is a good day for us all, and it is to the advantage of us all that we should treasure it for moral and physical and educational good. Singing hymns may be one way of doing it; but it is not the only way. It's all a matter of taste and of temperament.

John Bull.

To the Chairman, Education Committee, County Council Offices, London.

My Dear Sir,—I am instructed by ratepayers in East Ham that they regard with great misgiving the effects of the increased education rate which the financiers of the Council have put on them. Education has already reached alarming proportions in the borough. At the Plashet Lane School, some of the elder boys and their teacher are devoting considerable time to the memorising of abstruse rhythmic classics which cannot be of the slightest possible use to them in their future careers. My information is that the youthful mind in this school is being bent to the stupendous task of learning the following ballad:—

Boiled beef and carrots,
Boiled beef and carrots,
That's the stuff for yer darbykell,
Makes yer fit an' keeps yer well.
Boiled beef and carrots,
Boiled beef and carrots,
From morn till night blow out yer kite
With boiled beef and carrots.

Pray understand that I am making no complaint that the teacher is overestimating the dietetic possibilities of the menu thus idealised by the poet. Boiled beef and carrots may have all the nourishing properties claimed for them. They may contain all the proteids, fats, and carbohydrates necessary for the building-up of living tissue at its fittest; but I respectfully submit that for a teacher to take such pains to impress on his boys the chemistry of diet by poetic appeals to them to fill their darbykells and blow out their kites with it, is a stimulus to appreciation of the poets not contemplated by any section, article or clause of the Education Code at present in force. I shall be glad, therefore, if your committee will in future provide that the boys of East Ham shall be spared this wild and wanton cramming with accomplishments presenting linguistic difficulties so alarming. And for so doing this shall be your sufficient authority.

John Bull.

Monsieur Paulhan, Paris.

Warmest congratulations on capturing that £10,000. You have well earned it. But why not halve it with Grahame White? It would do more to cement the *entente* than all the treaties that statesmen can devise.

Bull.

Stevenson, Cueist, Chiswick.

Sorry match with Inman abandoned through regrettable death of your wife. Inman's conduct in agreeing not to claim either stakes or gate that of true British sportsman. Accept my condolences.

Bull.

Lord Northcliffe, Carmelite House, London.

Much regret illness prevented your presenting £10,000 cheque to Paulhan. Present keen interest in man-flying due large measure your initiative. Heartiest wishes for convalescence.

Bull.

THE REPUGNANCE TO MARRIAGE.

By the Editor of a Woman's Paper.

A change which is pregnant with significance is taking place at the present moment amongst modern women, and that is, as they compete with men in art, law, medicine and business, as they pass through the transition stage which is gradually taking them out of "feminine" occupations, they are showing a constantly increasing indifference to marriage, for which I can vouch in my duties as Editor of a well-known London weekly for women.

If one is to judge by the avalanche of letters which threaten to turn the editorial hair grey, and to "snow under" the unfortunate man in more senses than one, the ambitious girl of to-day, who is striving to make her way in the world, does not care two straws about marriage—in fact she is frequently not only indifferent, but antagonistic to it.

The note struck by most of my correspondents appears to be that of the desire for freedom from marital domination and association—"marriage slavery" as one of them calls it. They have no desire to be bothered with household cares—cooking, cleaning, mending, and all the rest of it.

Here is a letter taken haphazard from my morning's mail:—

"I should like you to open a discussion upon 'Husbands as Incumbrances.' I am a clerk in a City office, together with eighteen other girls, and, upon a ballot being taken, fifteen of us are of opinion that when men marry, they do so as a rule merely in order to get a cheap housekeeper. When I visit my married friends I am always struck by their appearance of abjectness and misery through their being worried out of their lives by the thousand and one little troubles of domestic life, which prematurely age them, and by the general unhappiness of their married lives. I think, if you open a discussion on the subject in your columns, that you will find the great majority of your readers will agree with me."

That is only one letter taken from a hundred in the same strain which have reached me during the past twelve months.

The following figures taken from a French paper give one furiously to think, and appear to illustrate the growing impatience of the restraints of married life. This paper states that according to carefully compiled statistics there are only *seven* really happy married couples in Paris. It appears that there are 1,362 wives who have left their husbands for others, and 2,371 husbands who have run away from their wives. 4,120 couples have separated amicably, while no fewer than 191,023 *menages* live at warfare under the same roof.

The numbers of those who, "hating one another cordially, mask in public ferocious enmity beneath the appearance of politeness," is very large, amounting to 162,320, while the record is held in the list of couples who are "visibly indifferent to one another"—namely, 510,132.

The fact of the matter is that under the strain of modern life, with competition increasing to almost the limit of human endurance, women, and even men, are thinking twice before taking the leap into "the outer darkness of matrimony," as a married lady described it.

From "way down under," at the Antipodes, come reports of exactly the same condition of things as described above. Recent statistics show that the Australian women and men are deliberately avoiding marriage, that there is such a feeling against "incumbrances," that many of the leisured class refuse to employ people with children, whilst lodging-house keepers will not let to them, and, generally speaking, there is a similar tendency in most of the civilised countries. To such a pass have things come in Australia that a law has recently been passed making it illegal in one of the States to insert or to accept advertisements which definitely set out that married people will not be engaged.

With the Renaissance of Woman there has been ushered in a spirit of unrest which is inimical to that quietness and placidity which are so necessary to the domestic life. In fact, it is not too much to say that the whole world is at present in a state of feverishness—the feverishness of change and transition. With ideas altering throughout the social cosmos, new elements entering into the ferment of the nation, and kaleidoscopic transformations going on all around us, it is not to be wondered at that just as people do not think of marrying and giving in marriage during an earthquake or a pestilence, so the mind of man is diverted from contemplating matrimony and its responsibilities under present conditions.

Within the last few weeks I have received letters from a medical woman, a girl factory worker, a woman of title, and a woman architect—all of which contend that marriage is doomed.

The burden of their communications is all the same:—"We have work to do in the world, we want to be left alone in peace to do it, and we do not want to be hindered by the incumbrance of a husband and children."

One literary woman puts forward a subtle argument, to the effect that the marriage condition brings about a psychological change which destroys the mind for the best work. Only recently in the Divorce Court we heard the same complaint from a famous novelist in regard to his wife, also a writer of eminence. He complained that she "dominated" him, that her personality usurped his, and that he wanted to be free to do his work in his own way.

The Divorce Commission, which has just concluded its sittings, went to show that the world is in a state of matrimonial unrest. Married couples appear to be "uneasy." Divorce is greatly on the increase, and in many countries it can be secured for the most trifling causes. In the United States they have reached a point where a man can get a divorce from his wife because she snores, or cries, or does something equally absurd. The tendency is steadily in the direction of reducing the difficulties of divorce, of clearing out of the way any impediments which still remain, even in this most conservative of countries, and one is forced to ask: "Where will it all end?"

Were there room within the limits of a short article, I should have liked to point out how alarmingly on the increase are "free" alliances, not only in the lower stratum of society, but even amongst the middle and upper classes—and this in spite of the anathemas delivered with all the terrors of "bell, book and candle." Clergymen, sociologists, medical men, and individuals who have special opportunities of observation—all confirm this statement, and one is again irresistibly forced to ask: "Where is it all to end?"

However that may be, another problem is obtruded on our notice. With the ratio of the birth-rate declining in most of the civilised countries, we are faced with the possibility of a world without inhabitants. If society refuses to carry out its primary function of reproducing the species, then civilisation is doomed, for the diminishing residuum, in the ages to come, will lapse into barbarism for the want of a sufficiency of people to carry on the work of the race.

OUR POPULAR DICTIONARY.

Edited by A. Block.

A.

Age.—Something to brag about in your wine-cellar and forget in a birthday book.

Alcohol.—A liquid good for preserving almost everything except secrets.

Alphabet.—A toy for the children found in books, blocks, pictures, and vermicelli soup. Contains 26 letters and 3 syllables.

Arson.—Derived from the Hebrew. (*See* Insurance.)

Athlete.—A dignified bunch of muscles, unable to split wood or sift the ashes.

B.

Backbiter.—A mosquito.

Bandit.—An outlaw. (*See* Husband.)

Bicycle-Skirt.—An abbreviated garment that makes a woman look shorter and a man look longer.

Blue.—The only colour we can feel. Invisible Blue.—A policeman.

Bower.—A shady retreat in general.

Bowery.—A shady retreat in New York.

Brace.—Security for the trousers.

Bracer.—Security for the stomach.

Bracelet.—Security for the pawnbroker.

Bystander.—One who is injured in a street fight.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CHRISTIE CASE.

"IF YOU SEE IT IN 'JOHN BULL'..."

In our issue of July 10th last we commented on the general acceptance by the public of the descriptions attached by Messrs. Christie in their catalogues to the articles sold by them. The following extracts from what we then said will not be without their significance, in view of recent events:—

> It has been, and we believe is, the fond pride of Christie's that they are the Tattersall's of the Art world; that is to say, that they are far above rival auctioneers in taking every means in their power to exclude tricks of the trade and the class of persons who in another sphere are known as dopers and horse-copers; in fact, that the entries in their catalogues are as far above suspicion as the entries of the great classical races.
>
> To attain this very desirable end Christie's arrogate to themselves the positions of experts and judges as to what is or is not genuine; that is to say, such as it is described in their catalogues. It is fair to say, and it is their pride, that this is the estimate which their customers—or, as is the purpose of this article to show—a certain section of their customers, take. But after pride cometh a fall; and, if Christie's were in the past too proud to listen to the gossip of the Art world, some of whom declared they were fools, and some of whom sneered at them as knaves, they should now be wise enough to doubt their own omnipotence, and not only be more careful, but take means, when in doubt, to make their doubt more evident, so that their own reputation, and the pockets of their customers, may become more secure. . . . .
>
> It is not enough for Messrs. Christie to reply that they guarantee nothing.
>
> Though this applies to no other auctioneer in the world, by their own attitude and reputation there is an implied guarantee—and Messrs. Christie themselves are, rightly, most proud of this very valuable trade asset—that the descriptions in their catalogues are above suspicion as undisputed proofs of genuineness as Messrs. Rothschild's guarantee of any loan. . . .
>
> But it is a part of the pride—and the just pride—of Messrs. Christie that, not only do they know, but that their own name is a far higher hall-mark than any other mark or name. . .
>
> Our intent is to open the eyes of Messrs. Christie to a proper sense of the responsibility they assumed, or which has been thrust upon them, to their great advantage, and to persuade them that they cannot afford to look lightly on the moral which has been taught by their unfortunate mistakes over the Dickins sale, and to urge them by redoubled efforts to regain their old position, which over-reliance in their own honesty, and an inadequate appreciation of the knavish tricks of dealers, has imperilled. . . .

"A BUSINESS POST-OFFICE."

ANOTHER FUNNY STORY.

A Belfast correspondent tells us the following story:—

On Sunday last, I 'phoned Post Office and asked for an express messenger to call and take a letter I specially required to go by English mail *via* Dublin. The official who answered 'phone call took note of my request and promised to send a messenger right away. At the end of 40 minutes, he 'phoned me to say they didn't send out express messengers on Sunday. I protested against this, even for Post Office, extraordinary delay in informing me of their inability to send a messenger after saying one would be sent. Had there not been an hour or so to spare I might have missed mail altogether. However, having what is termed by telephone company as "Post Office facilities," I dictated a telegraphic message to myself. The messenger arrived in half an hour with telegram, my letter was then handed him, and was mailed in due course without further trouble. I may say the message I dictated for despatch to myself was "The Post Office officials are duffers." Whether the assistant resented this statement of fact or not I cannot say, for he declined to accept it on the ground that it was "abusive," but on my altering it so as to read "The Post Office is a highly intellectual institution," he assured me "that was much better," and so I let it go at that, as it pleased him. Thus I gained my end in exactly the same manner though slightly different in form but with this difference—the latter way cost me 6d., the former, I am informed, would have cost me 1s.

What Is Your Number?

See page ii. of Cover.

DOGS AT FRASERBURGH.

A GOOD TIME FOR THIEVES.

Mr. F. W. Maclellan, of 33, Saltoun Place, Fraserburgh, writes to us to complain of the action of a magistrate in the matter of his dog. It seems that Fraserburgh, like many other towns, has for some time past been troubled with dog-stealers, and the inhabitants were hoping that the first offender brought to justice would be made an example of and adequate punishment administered. Now, it happens that Mr. Maclellan was the first to test the temper of the magistrates. Some weeks ago his dog disappeared, and after making many enquiries, he found that it had been stolen and resold by the man who originally sold it to him. This information he got from the police, who assured him there was a very strong case against the accused. Police and witnesses from New Pitsligo (14 miles distant) and Mr. Maclellan were summoned to the hearing of the case, when the Public Prosecutor put the following two questions to the accused:—

> (1) Do you admit that the dog is the property of Mr. Maclellan, and that it should be returned to him?
>
> (2) Are you willing to refund the money you received from the sale of the dog?

And the man answered both questions in the affirmative, whereupon the Public Prosecutor stated that he did not think it necessary to go further with the case, and the magistrate agreed. It therefore fell through, notwithstanding the fact that the police urged that the case should be heard.

We are not surprised that Mr. Maclellan should be puzzled and a little indignant at the course taken by the Public Prosecutor and acquiesced in by the magistrate. "The crime," writes Mr. Maclellan, "was enhanced by the knowledge the guilty person possessed regarding the ownership of the dog and the money already received by him from me at the prior sale, and it is almost incredible that such a man when brought to justice should simply be asked to return the money and be allowed to go scot free." We agree.

"THE L.C.C. AND ITS SERVANTS."

SAD CONDITION OF A DRIVER.

In our issue of December 18th last, we directed attention to the case of John Barrett, a tramcar driver in the employment of the L.C.C., who whilst on duty was injured by an accident occasioned by no fault of his own, and soon after was injured again in another accident caused in no way by negligence on his part. The two accidents confined Barrett to a bed of sickness. The Council contended, without a shadow of justification, that Barrett's illness was due to his own negligence, and so excused themselves from giving him compensation.

A day or two ago we received a visit from Barrett's wife, when she told us that her husband has rapidly grown worse. He is now a helpless, paralytic cripple. Renewed application to the Council led to their requesting him to see their medical officer, Dr. Colley. To this he assented, but unfortunately for him he delayed making his claim for compensation until after Dr. Colley had seen him, and the time for making it had expired. The Council now refuse to listen to any plea for compensation on the ground that he did not demand it within the statutory period.

We find it difficult to believe that the L.C.C. would approve this treatment of a worthy and most unfortunate servant if they were fully conversant with the facts, and we hope to hear that some member of the Council has consented to look into the particulars for himself. If he will do so we are satisfied that he will agree with us that Barrett is entitled in equity to compensation, and will put his case before the Council. We may add that the address is John Barrett, 51, King Edward's Place, Brewery Road, Caledonian Road, N. Barrett himself is too ill to be seen, but an enquiry would find his wife, a very intelligent woman, and ready and able to explain the facts of this most distressful case.

THE HAT'S THE THING

Be smart, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Ignore good taste and, if you have the pelf,
Let every hat you wear, at least, endeavour
To be a law peculiar to itself.

If brims be wide, let yours be still more ample
Than any hat-brim ever seen before;
If crowns be high, still set a bright example,
And let your motto be "Excelsior!"

A. L. H.

SLUMBER CITY.

By R. L. H.

(An American's vigorous reply to Mr. Nelson Jackson's recent article on "Nightmare City, U.S.A.")

A few weeks ago there appeared in these pages an article entitled "Nightmare City, U.S.A.," intended to score off the city of New York. It was evidently penned by one who had paid merely a brief visit to our city and had not taken the trouble to investigate the points of his discourse.

Now I am an American, though my home and work are in England, in addition to which I believe my knowledge of the great cities of the world is fairly up to the scratch, so I am not speaking with the mouth of a week-end, my-country-for-me-sir American, who, I am sorry to say, so often rushes into print on the defects, or alleged defects, of other people's countries.

Now, if you call New York "Nightmare City," well, I call London, after the same style, "Slumber City," and for this reason: quite half the people in this city are asleep all the time, and the other half walking around mighty careful for fear of waking 'em up.

You can't stir a Londoner. I've seen a Liverpool man on the hop, and I've seen a Newcastle man board a train of box-cars on the fly, but if the directors aren't present and a strip of baize carpet laid down and half-a-dozen porters standing by with hat cases, shawls and what-nots, it's a mighty hard job for a Londoner to get aboard a train at all.

Your R.T. subways—I should say "toobs"—are fine, magnificent, but you Londoners spoil the whole sheebang. In my mind, the toobs have the noisy old subway in New York "skun a block," but they are ruined by the people who commute on them.

Some fifty people are waiting on the platform. In dashes the train. The doors are flung open, men shout, nobody stirs. Soon—a boy with a large basket gets off—slowly—and perhaps a workman or two; then the waiters pile on, only to be met in the door by a lady with a M. W. skypiece who is arguing with the gateman as to whether she wants to go to Piccadilly or Plumpton. At last everyone gets aboard, falling over suit cases, hat boxes, odd pieces of machinery, etc., which should not be tolerated in the cars at all. Then just as the train stops a shining light of the ledger department wakes up, dashes to the door, "Why it's Finsbury Park, and I want to go to Farringdon Street." All the time this has been going on sundry conductors, motormen, stationmasters (without gold braid) have been shouting, "Hurry up, please!" so that Londoners actually think they are hurrying.

In the streets, the sidewalks are so narrow that half the pedestrians are in the gutter. Everybody is too tired to realise they ought to keep to the right.

Men are doing the telephones. Someone is selling "flowers." Someone else "pypers," while two hundred pedestrians are trying to traverse some six feet of sidewalk, without any idea of direction or, apparently, where they want to go.

Believe me or not, as you like, I've seen a lady fall asleep with her face against S. and E.'s window in Piccadilly; she was looking at the fashions.

If you don't travel by tube, if you happen to prefer God's air, you simply can't get any place at all. You Londoners won't have street-cars—beg pardon, "trams"—no, sir. What objection there is to a few, silent smooth-running, luxurious street-cars, on the submerged conduit system tootling from, say, Charing Cross to Baker Street, I can't imagine. Instead, you tolerate rattle-trap, junk wagons called motor 'buses, that career up and down the streets (without gathering passengers), in a frenzy of delirious joy.

Besides these you have horse 'buses, weird old prairie schooners that rattle mournfully along the streets, jerking from side to side (having apparently no double trees), with a rubicund driver and a sour-visaged conductor. Nobody knows where they start or where they leave off. I don't believe they ever do leave off. It's my private opinion that they are the "Flying Dutchman" of this grim old city, and are doomed to rattle down the streets for ever.

In business, you Londoners certainly take the entire grocery store. I remember a few months ago asking a business man for an estimate for a little work I wanted done. He took ten days to do what would have taken me twenty minutes, and only did it then because I wrote and asked when the funeral was. When he was paid I had to write and demand a receipt. A week later I asked him an important question. That was in February; he hasn't answered yet.

He was much too weary to want to do any business.

I went into a shoe store and asked to see some shoes; the salesman showed me some. I said I didn't like them, had he got any of such and such a shape, similar to the "W——" shoe. Down came Mr. Salesman from his ladder. "Oh, what you want is a sixteen-and-sixpenny shoe, not a gentleman's shoe;" to which I replied, that I was not a gentleman, but only a blame American citizen, and that I'd see myself in my coffin before I bought any English shoes. Now I buy them in Regent Street. Mr. Salesman has been asleep for the last thirty years. He thinks Americans are cannibals and savages, or something; he doesn't know that we can tell leather from paper any day of the week.

Your theatres are well appointed, but ruined by your love of antiquity. You ruin a good thing by leaving out the finishing touch that counts. In this country it is a matter of personal option whether one takes off one's hat in a theatre. In the States there is a law compelling the removal of hats in theatres. You douse your skypiece or hit the sidewalk, and to make it easy for us, under every seat is a piece of bent wire, which will hold pretty nearly everything, from a 4-dollar Stetson to a 50-dollar Merry Wid. The wire costs five cents about, and it is the whole secret of the hat nuisance.

In England, to a certain extent, I don't blame you for not taking off your hats, you have to put 'em on the floor under the seat, where they get covered with dust, where you put your own feet in them or where the gent behind sticks his cane through 'em, as once a hat of a friend of mine suffered.

It's the whole secret of American success, the power of waking up to a popular want.

Some day you'll have wire hat frames under the seats.

Londoners are the worst-dressed set of people I ever saw. Shabby hats, shabby coats and dirty shoes abound. I don't talk of the "oh-look-at-me-dude" or the "all-in-down-and-outer," or even the 15s. a week gentleman with the ain't-it-awful-Mabel tie on, but I talk of the average London citizen. A well-dressed man thinks first of his shoes. A Londoner's shoes are never clean. Why? Because his man or maid doesn't get up early enough—because he's too all-fired grand to roll up his sleeves and do 'em himself—because there aren't more than three shoe shine stands in the whole burgh—and why isn't there? Because you're too sleepy to see the popular want and cater for it.

The literary gent who wrote "Nightmare City" remarks on the height of our buildings. Well, why not? If you had to pay a thousand dollars a square foot for real estate, you'd build up instead of "out." Look at the size of your town; it would take a man a year to get from the Bank to Cricklewood—in fact I don't believe it can be done.

Your town is all this way and that, without a straight line in it, like a blame jig-saw puzzle. If you stood in Bouverie Street and turned round three times quick and then wanted to go to Charing Cross, you'd have to go into an astronomical store and buy a sextant before you could find the way, unless you had the gall to ask a policeman, who has all he can do to look after six or eight streams of traffic in immediate danger of being run over by paper for the *Daily Mail* or JOHN BULL.

You've tangled up London and it'll never get untangled again, and heaven help the man who tries. I suppose you haven't waked up to the advantage of the straight line street system?

The writer of "Nightmare City" mentioned the plaster columns in 5th Avenue at 42nd Street; if he'd taken the trouble to enquire, he'd have found out that they are the remains of a Court of Honour in honour of the visitors to the Hudson-Fulton celebration of last fall and at the time were magnificent with lights and flowers. Because they stand there still, he says we adorn our city with plaster columns. Supposing they stay there for ever, it wouldn't worry us—we get past 'em too quick to notice.

What price the Aldwych "sight," anyway?

Now I've done a good deal of joshing; but at heart I know that if you were to wake up there is nothing in the world you couldn't do; so wake up, Londoners, get a move on you, and you'll feel all the better for it.

WILLIAM POOLEY AGAIN.

A BOGUS FRIEND OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

Some short time ago, we directed attention to the doings of this man, and we have now received information which satisfies us that he is preying more actively than ever upon the public.

We have before us a sort of prospectus which has for its object, as it says, employment for the unemployed. "The whole scheme is being carried out by Pooley's glorious army." Among other things, we notice that the scheme is intended to :—

> Establish a system by means of which the deserving aged poor may be taken from the degradation of the workhouse and placed in a position of honour and comfort.

Many worthy people are deceived by documents of this kind intended to appeal to their charitable instincts, more especially if they are interlarded with verses from hymns, and extracts from the Bible, as is the case with the document before us. Apparently, this man Pooley has succeeded in persuading a considerable number of clergymen to make collections for him, and we find the following :—

> The Rt. Reverend the Lord Bishop of London sent a special message to Mr. Pooley and friends to attend the Missionary Meeting and the Hunger-Marchers were entertained on the platform with about 7,000 persons. The sight was grand.

We should say pitiful. Anyway, here we have the Bishop of London supporting this man, and for all we know still supporting him, although the slightest enquiry would have satisfied anyone that if Pooley had his deserts he would be flogged from Temple Bar to Aldgate Pump.

Last year, Pooley was exploiting the unemployed of West Ham. His practice was to accompany them to church on each Sunday. During his itinerary he visited some 30 or 40 places of worship, and at each "lifted" a collection. His mode of procedure was to pay the men 2s. per Sunday, and as the number never exceeded 24, and the double collection sometimes amounted to as much as £15, there was a nice little balance for Pooley. Prior to the West Ham crusade, he escorted a number of East-end unemployed to St. Paul's Cathedral, being joined there by a man named Gray, with another batch of men from Hyde Park. Archdeacon Sinclair made an appeal to his congregation on behalf of these men, and the result is given in a letter from Archdeacon Sinclair as below :—

> Dear Sir,—The collection was £33 14s. 6d., and was handed to the Hunger-Marchers who got up the deputation.

Now what was done with the £33 14s. 6d. ? We will tell our readers and the public. The money was handed to the man Gray, who gave Pooley on the same afternoon £3 to distribute amongst his detachment. On the following Wednesday, Gray paid Pooley a further sum of £10, and this money Pooley used to open an account at Farrow's Bank, Cheapside, in his own name.

In course of time this unemployed collecting business was played out in the East End, and in March, 1909, Pooley transferred his affections to the West. There he took the premises now known as Pooley's Ark, at Fulham Cross, where he carries on the business of a non-alcoholic wine manufacturer.

There are scores of writs out against Pooley. He has touts going about getting goods on credit, in return for which he hands them cheques which are dishonoured. We have before us a statement of Messrs. T. Flint and Son, 108, Well Street, Camberwell, who tell us that Pooley, trading as W. Pooley and Co., of Queen's Road, Plaistow, owed his firm £6 9s. 10d. After many applications they were offered and accepted a three months' bill payable at Farrow's. When the bill matured, Messrs. Flint and Son found that the account was closed and their debt remains unpaid. Mr. J. E. H. Whiting, of 1, Station Parade, Queen's Road, Peckham, tells us that Pooley owes him £112 12s. 2d. for work done. A bill was given in payment and dishonoured in due course. Pooley is indebted to Mr. John Shepherd, late of Neald Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, to the extent of £50, and to Messrs. Hill and Co., of Brixton, to the extent of £20. There are also cork merchants, provender merchants, bottle merchants, and scores of others, induced by false representations to give him credit, all trying in vain to get payment of their accounts.

THE FUTURE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.

HOW THE EMPEROR'S HEART WAS WON.

The progress of the Duchess of Hohenberg has been both romantic and swift. Until recently, she was only the morganatic wife of the heir to the Austrian throne, and, as everybody knows, a morganatic wife in Austria is only a wife in the eyes of the Church and the people. By the present Constitution she can never be Empress of Austria, though by a strange anomaly she will be Queen of Hungary in the ordinary course of events. The same confusion also attaches to her son. At Vienna he will be a simple citizen, while a few hours' journey to the other side of the Leitha will raise him to the rank of Crown Prince. But there is every sign that machinations are afoot to alter the present Constitution, and the Duchess may safely begin to bet that she will be one day Empress. She has already been admitted to Court, almost recognised as a member of the Imperial family, and titles have been rained upon her, so that in a few years she has risen from being a simple countess to the rank of Durchlaucht, or Serene Highness, and to that of Hoheit, or full Highness.

And all this has been won off her own bat. The old Emperor was in the habit of spending his evenings with a plebeian woman called Schratt. For a long time he never failed to share her dish of meat and onions, and play simple games of cards with her and her friends. One day, however, about two years ago, he happened to call upon the wife of his heir, and was so much attracted by her subtle simplicity that he forgot all about Schratt and stayed to dinner.

He has evidently come to regret the fatal obstinacy which caused the tragedy of his son Rudolph, and has now actually authorised his granddaughter to marry an ordinary baron, who is no more than a lieutenant in the reserve; he has even permitted his daughter-in-law to marry a common count. Of course every sort of intrigue is going on, but it certainly looks as though the descendant of a Bohemian burgher may very shortly occupy the throne of Maria Theresa.

THE STOAT'S NEST DISASTER.

Our contemporary *The Railway Review* wants to know whether "Lieut.-Col. von Donop's report of the Stoat's Nest disaster is the last word on the matter? There are still the pertinent references made by John Bull as to the causes of the disaster, which the inspector has not dealt with in any way. Either John Bull was right or it was wrong, and we are entitled to know something more about the disquieting statements made." Our contemporary concludes its article by saying, "it rests between John Bull and the Board of Trade to have it cleared up." Well, our statements are on record, and we are quite prepared to substantiate them if called upon to do so.

FASHIONS FROM JAPAN.

("Everything of a Japanese character will be in great demand this year owing to the Japanese Exhibition."—*Drapery Times.*)

There's a rumour lately borne upon the breeze,
Which is growing more insistent by degrees,
That in the present year
(That, at least, is what I hear)
We're going to be intensely Japanese.

Imagine Mr. Asquith (who at Cannes
Has acquired a quite becoming shade of tan),
In Obi and Kimono
While bidding "farewell!"—oh, no,
"Saionara!" I should say, to Masterman.

Or Lloyd George before the mind's eye comes
(In a pattern of old rose chrysanthemums),
Wresting vast illgotten hoards
From the pockets of the Lords—
Who know him by the pricking of their thumbs.

In conclusion, pray imagine, if you can,
Winston Churchill with no weapon but a fan,
Endeavouring with this
To save himself from Miss
Pank—— I mean, O Suffragetta San!

A. L. Harris.

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TALKS WITH A TRAMP.

By R. M. Ellis.

NO. I.—THE PRIME MINISTER.

The Prime Minister met the Tramp. Improbable, you say? It is. But it's no use straining at gnats; let's get on with the camels. They entered into conversation. This is unlikely enough to be accepted without question. Everyone admits that veracity increases with improbability. Having justified our assumptions we may continue with the conversation.

The Tramp said to the Premier, "We are two of a trade. Let's speak without prejudice, openly and with mutual improvement."

"I challenge your assertion," said Mr. Asquith.

"We work on different planes, I admit," said the Tramp, "but our occupations are fundamentally the same. I deceive individuals, you deceive a nation. But it's all with the same object—we're all out for ourselves."

"If anything," continued the Tramp, "I am the honester, because I make no promises."

"Ah!" interrupted the Minister, "that's where you have the advantage. You can change your individual, but I cannot change my nation. If I promise, I must fulfil. The electorate is my task-master."

The vagrant laughed. "You forget I have no vote," he said. "Save your arguments for those who have. The onlooker sees the best of the game. I see what biased folk shut their eyes to. If you go out, Balfour has an innings; then you, then Balfour, and so on. When one man's in it's always t'other bloke next."

"You distort the facts," complained Mr. Asquith.

"The mere fact that two Parties take office in rotation rests entirely with the people. They are not in any way compelled. They exercise their constitutional right, the freedom of voting for any candidate they please."

"But their choice is almost always limited to two," protested the Tramp, "and when it isn't the independent man is always heavily handicapped. If you do not approve the system you can alter it as easily as——"

"I can do nothing," broke in the Prime Minister, very earnestly and impressively, "without the removal of the House of Lords. That is the barrier to any improvement in electoral conditions. They are the selfish protectors of all ancient bonds."

"Lor' luv yer, mister," cried the Tramp, lapsing momentarily into his professional vernacular, "what d'yer let 'em for? Why don't yer wipe the blighters out?"

"My dear sir," said the Premier, with wearied politeness, "you talk as if these constitutional changes can be effected in a moment. You cannot change the face of a nation in a day. We must do these things decently and in order. Once let us insert the thin end of the wedge——"

"Good Lords!" cried the Tramp. "Haven't we got as far as that thin end yet? Speaking about doing things decently and in order, this abolition of the Lords ought to be one of the decentest things accomplished in history!"

The Prime Minister intervened with some asperity.

"Your flippancy is contemptible. Even in this present Parliament we have made some marked progress. In a few months we may even have our Bill before the Lords."

"And the fate of your Bill will be the fate of your party," cut in the Tramp, and he continued in a sudden heat, "Then we shall keep Balfour and family for a time, and after that you will be starting afresh—back at the stage of resolutions—back at the beginning of the whole affair. Bah! I'm sick to death of you. Sick of your foolery, sick of your pretensions, sick of all your petty party intrigue. Sir! I am tired of the transparency of your tricks. The whole thing is an endless game, played with the tongue in the cheek. The pieces that you idle with are the vital questions of the day. The underpaid, the unemployed, the destitute—what are they all but pawns in the game! Conveniences to distract the awkward curiosity of the people, while you portion out to knights and bishops and rooks all the wealth and pleasure in the State. Ah! well. Your time is short. Who knows? Another year or so, perhaps, and the game is finished. Finished for good. You and your like will be swept into oblivion. The Party Game is nearly played."

"And what then?" demanded the Prime Minister.

"Then?" echoed the Tramp, in a deliberating manner, and with a ghost of a smile, "We must wait and s——"

But the Prime Minister had fled.

ANOTHER LUNACY SCANDAL.

AN URGENT CASE FOR THE HOME SECRETARY.

We have received from Broadmoor Asylum a letter from one of the inmates. It is written by Alfred Bransby Walter, a young man of 25, who has been in the asylum seven years. Mr. Walter is the son of a distinguished Indian officer, Colonel Walter, late of the 8th Bengal Infantry, who died a year or two ago.

The facts are very peculiar. Alfred Walter was one of those demons of boys with whom most of us have acquaintance. He was always in mischief, and if we are to accept his own statement, which has some confirmation from another source, he was not very wisely brought up. His father was a choleric soldier, his mother in weak health and although there was nothing approaching intentional unkindness, neither father nor mother seems to have been quite the right sort of person to handle a boy of the kind. The result was that boyish escapades passed into something more serious, and finally Alfred Walter found himself before the Recorder at the Old Bailey in December, 1902, charged with, as he tells us in his letter, and convicted of obtaining money by means of worthless cheques. He was then 17 years of age. Prior to sentence Colonel Walter made an appeal to the Recorder, and it was that his son might be sent to Broadmoor Asylum. In making this appeal Colonel Walter acted for himself alone. The other members of his family, including his brother, Dr. Walter, were strongly opposed to it. But Colonel Walter though otherwise, and he was able to point to some mental weakness in another son. Anyway, he induced the Recorder to send the lad to Broadmoor.

Alfred Walter was perfectly sane when he went to Broadmoor, and he has never been other than sane since he was first incarcerated there. In the letter he has addressed to us Mr. Walter makes the following statement:

> Dr. Scott, the Medical Officer at Brixton Prison, who had me under observation for three weeks preceding my trial, always maintained my sanity and recommended me to call him as a witness to this effect; but at the last moment, when in the cells at the Old Bailey, a letter was given to me from my father, stating that he had instructed Counsel for my defence, and begging me to leave my defence with him, at the same time picturing to me the worst consequences, and I was frightened into keeping silence and allowed the defence of insanity to be proceeded with. . . . On my return to Brixton after the trial, Doctor Scott said these words to me: "Well, his Lordship has been nicely hoodwinked," and to the very last he maintained my sanity. I have now been confined in Broadmoor over six years, and I submit that it is an injustice that I, being perfectly sane, should be detained here. All my actions have been perfectly rational, I am not subject to delusions, and my conduct here has given no cause for complaint.

We may say that the letter from which we have quoted was smuggled out of the Asylum. Walter induced one of the attendants to forward it to his sister. It was afterwards discovered that the attendant had sent it, with the result that the man has been dismissed.

We have said that Colonel Walter is dead. Mrs. Walter is in a state of health which makes it impossible for her to take effective steps on behalf of her son, and his only champion is his sister, a young lady who is ceaseless in her efforts to obtain his release, hitherto without success. The lad himself has written to the Home Secretary, but received no answer. His sister has written twice to the Secretary of State, and on each occasion he has replied that he has made enquiry into the case, and can see no cause to interfere. In the course of the letter from which we have already quoted, Mr. Walter writes:—

> You may remember that when the Civil Service Estimates and the Constitution of the Lunacy Commission were discussed in Parliament on May 12th, 1904, Sir J. B. Tuke, M.P. for Edinburgh University, asked Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P., if he could quote a case of a person being treated as a lunatic, without being one. This was in reference to Mr. Bowles, statement that he conceived only one misfortune greater than that of becoming a lunatic, and that was, to be treated as a lunatic without being one. These remarks were all in *The Times*. Parliamentary Reports for Friday, May 13th, 1904. I submit that my case exactly fits his enquiry.

Now we appeal to the Home Secretary to look into this case for himself. Mr. Churchill has shown in many ways that he is not bound or influenced much by red tape; and we hope that by the time Parliament reassembles he will be able to give us a satisfactory reply to the question we shall then ask him.

£300 to be won

A Great Prize Competition

To popularise still further the favourite "Erasmic" Soaps ("Peerless" and "Elite"), The Erasmic Co., Ltd., have decided to offer very substantial money prizes in a competition of real novelty and fascinating interest. There are 186 cash prizes in all (including prizes of £100, £50, £25, £10, £5, etc.), so that there are plenty of opportunities for every competitor. And there are

NO ENTRY FEES

the sole condition of the competition being that each attempt you make (you may send as many as you please) must be accompanied by a wrapper from a tablet of Erasmic ("Peerless" or "Elite") or "Tesco" (medicated) Soap. Competition forms are supplied free by Chemists, or you may obtain them by writing to The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. 16), Warrington. (If you enclose 2d. stamps with your application, you will receive 2 lovely bijou tablets of dainty Erasmic Soap.) The competition is very simple, but at the same time affords plenty of scope for the exercise of skill and judgment. Think—a few moments' work may win you that handsome prize of £100, if you successfully

'Spot the Beauty.'

You know what "Beauty Spots" are; those small patches with which 18th century beauties adorned their faces. (You see them in pictures by Hogarth and other 18th century painters.) They were used to enhance the brilliancy of the complexion, and also to give different expressions to the features. Placed judiciously against the eye, mouth, or cheek, they produced some very charming results. This is what you have to do on 4 of the faces which are printed in the competition forms supplied by your chemist (or by The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. 16), Warrington). The originals have been correctly "spotted" by that famous artist Mr. John Hassall, and for those who succeed in correctly "spotting the beauties" there are

18th Century Lady of Fashion
(Showing the "Beauty Spots")

186 CASH PRIZES—1st PRIZE £100

Full particulars are given in the Competition forms. Get one from your chemist to-day; you will find the competition the most interesting and ingenious ever devised. **The Competition closes on July 30th, 1910,** but you may send in your attempt as soon as you please. Remember, if your chemist is out of forms you can get them by writing to The Erasmic Co., Ltd. (Dept. 16), Warrington.

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THINGS I KNOW LEAST ABOUT.

By "Yorick."

I.—THE TRUTH.

'Tis said that "Truth lies at the bottom of a deep well"—but journalists can seldom swim!

As I once won a championship at—we'll call it—swimming, I will risk my life and what remains of my reputation to tell you about The Truth.

FOREWORD.

With the exception of this little essay—should the series run to a second number!—I trust I shall not be led away by any pedantic attachment to the truth. Occasionally accuracies may creep into the text: for these I crave forgiveness. For the rest, these moralisings will be found to be as brimful of unsuspected fact as a Birmingham Tariff Reform leaflet, as intelligible as the Liberal policy, and as moderate as a Suffrag-infant's electioneering speech.

I shall also endeavour to be amusing, though fully sensible of the fact that the ability to be witty rarely brings one anything but Fame.

Now, ring down the curtain: the egoistic monologue is over! Let me briefly recount my experience in that famous Search for the Hidden Treasure, which should go down to history as Yorick's

"FURTHEST FROM THE TRUTH."

On February 29th, 1909, the notorious journalist, "Yorick," set out into the world to seek for the truth.

He carried nothing in his knapsack but a blue pencil, a piece of india-rubber, and a sevenpenny Self-Educator.

The Pencil was to record any evidences he might find of the existence and abode of the Truth.

The India-rubber he carried to withstand any natural inclination to draw on his imagination.

(*N.B.*—This was before the days of the Rubber Boom, when even "rubber-necks" were at a discount.)

The Self-Educator was a present from his Editor, who had, however, no intelligent desire to punish him for his temerity.

It also served to show the Truth-Seeking Journalist what to *avoid*.

A brief experience in that form of Asylum, known as a University Settlement, had given him a fixed belief that the world was better than it was meant to be. So, full of

THE OPTIMISM OF INEXPERIENCE,

he set out on his heroic quest. In South Carolina he met an Honest Lawyer, who told him he had gone to the Land of Lynch Law, as he could get no practice elsewhere.

In the Scythian Desert he interrogated a Newspaper Proprietor with Ideals, who had fled thither to keep up his circulation.

On a Greenland glacier he encountered a militant member of the Shrieking Sisterhood, who was burning to attach a "Votes for Women" flag to the North Pole. In the Forbidden City of Lhassa he met an Anglican Divine, who was trying to convert two Thibetan women to Roman Catholicism. Among the ruins of Pompeii he dug out a Protectionist politician, and on the summit of Popocatapetl, while in eruption, he discovered an Independent Nationalist, who was attached to the U.S.A. Diplomatic Service.

None of these, however, knew aught of What He Sought. Flagging in his

QUEST FOR THE TRUTH,

the Jaded Journalist determined to take neither food nor *drink* (!) until he had succeeded in his Mission.

One day, walking wearily through the Second Cataract of the Nile, he espied on the horizon the Sphinx, which had evidently taken a half-day return from Gizeh. Hailing a passing Triplane (which had been trying to get divorced from the earth for two years, and had not even succeeded in obtaining a judicial separation with custody of the chauffeur), "Yorick" sped over the sand to his last hope of information. As he approached the foot of the Sphinx, he noticed an ibis-headed old gentleman, who announced that he was the only genuine surviving member of the old firm of Thoth, Son and Thoth—the original deifical purveyors of Knowledge and Learning.

"AT LAST!"

"At last!" gasped the Starving Scribe, with parched lips. "Good sir, for the love of Hermes and Harmsworth and for the sake of Mercury and Munchausen, tell me—know you aught of the Truth?"

"I know not where it now dwells, but I remember of what it consists," replied the wise man.

"Pray tell me ere I die," moaned poor "Yorick."

"WHAT IS THE TRUTH?"

"Truth," replied the Sage, "is Paradox standing on its head to attract attention."

The dying Journalist groaned, and turned to lie on his side. "Tell it me in English," sighed the sensation-sodden Boy Scout of the Press.

"For a man," the Sage said dreamily, "the Truth is What He Cannot Understand; and, for a woman, it is What She Desires To Believe."

* * * * * * *

The Truth-Seeking Journalist's quest had ended. His Newspaper Friends (*alias* his Rivals) brought the Body home, and o'er poor "Yorick's" head now rests the usual Monument of Lies above to Those who lie beneath.

JOHN BULL, LIMITED.

MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS.

The annual general meeting of shareholders in John Bull, Ltd., was held in the Venetian Chamber of the Holborn Restaurant, on Friday, April 29th, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., presiding. The Chairman congratulated the shareholders upon the unique success of their property, which, he said, continued to make further remarkable progress. The Preference dividend was secured many times over, whilst the Ordinary shareholders had every reason to congratulate themselves on the prospects of their investments. It was hoped that the new printing machinery would be ready in about six weeks' time, when the paper would be further enlarged, thus enabling them to accept many advertisements which at present had to be held over. The present profits were double those for the same period last year, and he had every expectation that when they next met the accounts would show a very remarkable result. The report and accounts were adopted, and, upon the motion of the Chairman, Mr. W. B. Peat, of Messrs. Peat and Co., chartered accountants, was appointed auditor for the current year.

BIRTHDAY OF THE WEEK.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREETINGS.

May 7th.—LORD ROSEBERY.

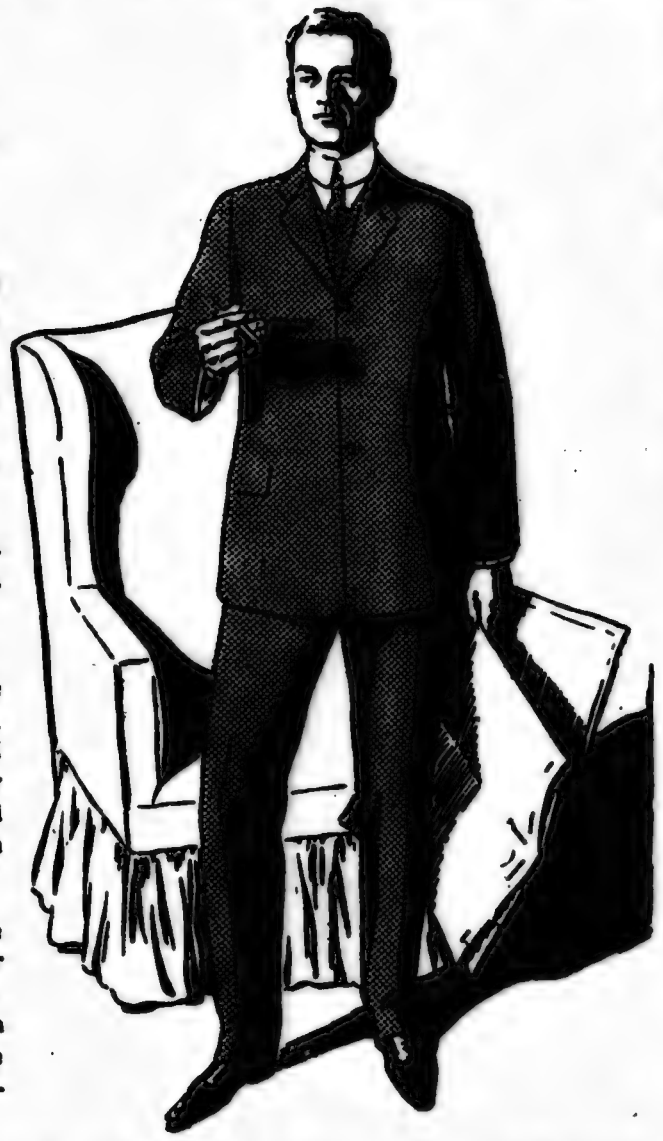
We cannot reform our forefathers.—*George Eliot.*

"OH, FOR THAT BUSINESS GOVERNMENT!"

THE WHIP (PARLIAMENTARY VARIETY) TEACHING NEWLY-FLEDGED PARROT M.P. HOW, WHEN, AND WHERE TO VOTE.

Frankly—

We do not make more than a few pence profit on a "Durigo" Blue Serge Suit at forty-two shillings, made-to-measure.



.. This is not a case of competitive cutting to a point where profit vanishes; that we do not believe in.

.. The facts are these:

Our large Hosiery business takes up all the space we have on the ground floors of our numerous shops, and our Tailoring Departments, being out of actual vision, do not command the wide attention they really deserve. They deal with considerable and constantly-growing business—but not nearly so much as we want for them.

.. So—we are offering this special bargain in Blue Serge Suits as an inducement for men to test our Tailoring Departments as to Style, Fit, and Workmanship. We think we can retain the custom gotten this way, as the Craftsmanship is excellent, and the suits other than "Durigo"—whilst not Profitless—form Exceptional Value from all points of view.

THE "DURIGO" BLUE SERGE SUIT

MADE-TO-MEASURE. . . . . 42/- . . . . . IN ANY STYLE

.. The Serge is splendid. It is a long staple worsted—nothing but worsted—which will give almost unlimited wear. It is real indigo dyed, and is guaranteed to keep its colour against Sun, Sea, or Rain for Two Years. Serge of the same quality cannot be obtained in ordinary trading in any suit sold for *less* than 50s. We say this without fear of contradiction.

.. Our cutters impart to "Durigo" Suits the Shape, Hang and Style which distinguish Good Tailoring, and in the making up of the suits none but high-class trimmings and high-class workmanship are used. The suits can be made as illustrated, or in any Lounge Suit style—Single or Double Breasted. We guarantee complete satisfaction.

.. POST ORDERS.—We supply "Durigo" Suits by Post—made-to-measure—at the same price as they cost in our shops (42s.), and we undertake in these cases to give the same complete satisfaction. Each suit thus bought is made to the customer's own measurements, marked down on a Self-Measurement Form which we supply for the purpose. If unable to call, write to our Mail Order Dept., at 388 Strand, London, W.C., for the "Durigo" Booklet No. 18 (with Sample of the Serge) and Self-Measurement Form.

Horne BROTHERS

FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND NEW IN MEN'S WEAR.

Central Establishment and Mail Order Department:

388 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

23-29 FINSBURY PAVEMENT, E.C.
14 MOORFIELDS, E.C.
64 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN, E.C.
24 & 25 KING WILLIAM STREET, E.C.
80 NEWGATE STREET, E.C.
82 & 83 FLEET STREET, E.C.
28-29 COVENTRY ST., HAYMARKET, W.

IMAGES.

By Norman Tiptaft.

"In His own image created He them." Frankly I don't know what it means. Evolution is a generally accepted theory, and how they could be created in His image and have evolved to their present condition, or whether they have or not evolved, I don't know.

But I know that for one to enter the Kingdom of Heaven he must be as a little child, and I have seen little children. They are fair and happy and pure; on them the shadow of evil has not passed, and so I believe that they with their clear, downy skins and great staring eyes and their chubby limbs, are even perhaps as He was.

Still does He create in our midst the likeness of Himself.

* * * * * *

No reasonable age can be expected to find time for idol worship. So we have broken the images and cast the idols out. But to-night I have just returned from worshipping at the old shrines, I have been visiting the images—the images that have been broken and the shrines that have been destroyed. The broken images are ugly. The shrines are dirty. No man worships there now.

And yet such is the force of old custom, and such the zeal of new faith that the images are continually being made, and almost as they are made they are destroyed. The new faith cannot prevent the old custom; it can only destroy its results. And it does destroy them as fast as ever it can. In the little villages and the great towns, in the deserted country and in the industrial centre, by the sea and among the mountains the images are being broken, always being broken, and ever the idol-builders send more.

* * * * * *

The wind blew gustily through the temple as I looked at the broken image. The image that had once been passing fair. Now she (it was one of His daughters) was ugly and old. Her flesh was coarse and unwholesome, her eyes sunken almost out of sight, her garments scanty, and her cough—Ugh! that cough might well have shaken a stronger framework. "Give us a copper sonny," she said, "for the love of God. I ain't had a bite all day, and I'm fair starving." I left my small offering before the image and passed on.

There was much to see. Everywhere images. I stopped before another, this time one of God's sons—only lately had the idol-breakers found him. I sat by his side and waited.

"Blasted cold mate, ain't it?" he said. "Just a bit," I agreed. "Ah, you're all right; got a good coat on and a full tummy, I reckon. Look at me." He opened his ragged waistcoat, disclosing a bare chest. "'Tain't much to keep the cold out, is it?" he said.

Yes! I heard his story. His health had given way, and so he had lost his job. His wife had died while he himself was ill. The home had finally gone to pay rent. Work was scarce. He had tried and tried—and it was no good. There was nothing else left but—well, what is left—a canal, a piece of rope. That is all. Images, broken images everywhere. I have seen them to-night in a rich Lancashire city; but I have seen them in London, in the Midlands, in the North. They are everywhere. And everywhere they are being broken. The old worship is dead, no longer do the sons of the morning give thanks, nor the daughters of God sing; they lie bruised and crushed on the world's highway. The temples are destroyed, the images dethroned.

How long, O Lord, how long? O men and women who enjoy all the good things of life. Who have friends and health and happiness. Whose voices ring out in joyous laughter and whose hearts leap at the coming of the spring time. Have you nothing for these? You have abundance; they starve. You live in cheerful homes. These huddle together on the Embankment or walk the gloomy streets, or fill a common lodging house, or at last in desperation make their way to a felon's cell. You have spent the price of many meals and much clothing and enough shelter for all on great cathedrals and noble churches. Stained glass windows and magnificent altars testify to your love of Christ. Have you never heard: "That he who neglected these has forgotten Him. For in His image were they made"? In His name they cry. And far above the singing of your choirs, the peal of your sacred harmony, there rings the bitter, despairing wail of those who starve in the richest country of the world.

THE TELEPHONE CALL.

By Theodore Dahle.

ALARMING DECLINE IN SCOTCH HOME MANUFACTURES.

Hello! Who are you? . . . Who? . . . Jim Crow? Oh, go to for a blatherskite. . . . Really, miss, you shouldn't put me on to that bag of wind. . . . My fault? Oh, well, if I did give you the wrong number. . . . What? . . . Yes, I fear I've forgotten it. The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, anyway. . . . Try again, dearie, will you? It's very important; about babies, in fact. . . . Do you really? Well, I'm rather fond of them myself, to be candid. . . . And I'm sure I hope you will, some day. If one won't do you must have . . . Hello! Oh, thunder and light . . . Eh? . . . It's the Lord Provost I'm wanting, man, and I don't care a cent if you're Roosevelt junior. Ring off. . . . Ah, at last, Provost. You're well, the day, I hope? . . I? Never better, considering. . . .

Certainly it is serious news. . . . Busy? . . . I see. . . . Seems to me the fate of Scotland hangs in the balance. . . . No, but can you not understand that if the Registrar-General is correct in his statistics that last year the Scottish birth-rate was the lowest ever recorded, the . . . I beg your pardon? . . . Of course, I can't deny that the Scottish death-rate was also the lowest ever recorded. But what's that got to do with it? . . . Well, that's pretty much what my friend The Macpherson argues . . . Yes. He says it's more important that there should be a dearth of dead Scotsmen than a harvest of live babies. . . . I did not quite catch your question? . . . Oh, what's the use of a dead Scotsman? How should I know? . . . Yes, I am listening. Oh, well, of course, if anybody thinks that as long as the Scot keeps down the death-rate he has always a chance of keeping up the birth-rate . . . What's that? . . . Just so; but supposing he misses his chance, as he seems to be doing, what's to become of the country? . . . I beg your . . . What I said was that . . . Yes, yes; but if Scotland produces fewer and fewer kiddies, it is clear she will produce fewer and fewer Scotsmen, until presently there will be nobody to eat the porridge and play the bagpipes, and one of these raw and windy mornings the land o' Burns will be a desolation and a waste, with but one solitary Scot left to drink the whisky and defend the country of his fathers from the devastations of an alien host. . . . True, I did not think of that at the moment. Probably he will not wait for the alien host. .

Hello! Are you there? . . . That's another way of looking at the matter, undoubtedly. It is impossible to get over the fact that the birth-rate in Scotland is now only 26.36 per thousand of the population. . . . Ah, I admit you have got me there, Provost. But after all, I cannot see that it makes Scotland any better because in England the baby industry is rather worse. Neither of us is producing babies fast enough. Perhaps when we get Tariff Reform, and the Veto, and the Business Government. . . . I fear I don't quite follow. . . . Yes, that is true to some extent. Those people have the most kiddies who can the least afford to keep 'em, and they are giving us quantity rather than quality. . . .

Quite so. There is something in that, as the man said when he found the cat having kittens in his hat. The lassies are quite as pretty, but they cost more keeping, eh? Still, that is not peculiar to Scotland, is it? . . . No, I do not follow you there, because . . . I beg your pardon; I cannot hear a word; it is all b-r-r-r-r and cl-ck-ck. Please spell it. . . . Oh, you say the . . . That is possible. But then, see you, there was an increase last year in the number of Scottish babies who, when they get a little older, will be singing, "Pretty little dears we are, who on earth is our papa?" . . . That may be as may be. I certainly hope the explanation is not that Scotsmen don't mind having babies, but that they do not like to own 'em. . .

Can I suggest a remedy? Oh, my dear Provost, who am I that I should offer advice on declining Scottish industries? Suppose you head a national subscription list for the encouragement of parents who have shut down their home manufactures? Perhaps you would rather invite Lord Rosebery to deliver a lecture? . . . Eh? . . . Oh, don't mention it. I thought it well to draw your immediate attention to the matter, that is all. Good day. . . . Yes, miss, quite finished, thanks, and if when you get married you would like a perambulator or . . . b-r-r-r . . . clck, clck . . . b-r-r-r-r-r . . .

AN OPEN LETTER
to the Readers of "JOHN BULL."

We may take it for granted that nine out of ten of the readers of JOHN BULL are concerned with Business—that they are Business men.

Now a man in business to-day is a man who is coining his brain—coining it into money.

And naturally he wants to get more and more money out of his brain every year.

This is true of practically all the readers of JOHN BULL. Whether we are directly interested in the actual selling of any special article, or whether we are concerned with the routine of administration in a big office, we are all selling our brains. And so we all—except the fools who don't count—want to do good business for ourselves every day and better business every week.

If you have a ready tongue and a smart address you may sell poor stuff once or even twice. But if you have good stuff to sell you can go on selling it all the time and doing better business for yourself year by year. This is especially true of

The Man who is Selling his Brains.

The man who is daily selling the business knowledge in his brains is bound to keep his goods up-to-date; he is obliged to renew his stock; he must constantly make himself more capable, more well-informed, and more valuable, or he will certainly be crowded out.

This is as sure as quarter-day.

What would you say if you were told that there is a book by means of which you can without effort inform yourself on every question of doubt, difficulty, or dispute that turns up in the course of the working day; in which you can read short, clearly-written articles on every point of every subject connected with Business, each one written by the one Business Expert who is best fitted to do so,

A Book in which you can study the whole science of Business, and perfect yourself in the only sort of knowledge that will help you to get on.

This Book is "The Business Encyclopædia." It covers all knowledge relating to the great and increasingly important world of Business. The fact that there are more than 12,000 references in the Index will convince you not only that this is the most important work ever issued for the Business man, whether employer or employé, but also that the smallest point can be turned up without an instant's loss of time.

"Learn More and you will Earn More."

Do you really want to get on in Business? If you are contented to go grubbing along—very often taking two steps backwards for one you take forward—don't read any further. This article is not for you. But if you really want to make headway, to seize one of those prizes that abound more plentifully in the world of Business than anywhere else—for in no other line does a man so surely get back all he puts out, multiplied a thousand times over, as he does in Business—if you really want to get to the top, listen to this: *It is knowledge that does it.*

Sure and accurate and expert Business knowledge makes a man sure and accurate and expert in Business. It gives him confidence to act on his own ideas. It stimulates his business ability and inspires him and encourages him to go on while others are hesitating and wondering what to do next. The man who uses the Business Encyclopædia knows that he is acting on the knowledge of wiser men than himself. He knows that he is using the brains and talents of the whole world of money-makers. That he has here not only the theoretical knowledge of Business, the complicated system, but the practical knowledge of Business as a means to an end—and that end Success—Achievement.

The Business Encyclopædia is equally necessary to the employer and the employed; to the mature business man who dreads the competition of his younger and more up-to-date rivals; and to the young man standing at the threshold of the business world and determined to succeed whether as clerk or cashier, as a tradesman or merchant, a commercial traveller, an agent or a manager of a great or a small business, as a manufacturer, a stockbroker or a capitalist.

The use of the Business Encyclopædia enables the ambitious young man to keep the goods he is selling—that is the business knowledge of his brains—absolutely up-to-date; it shows him how to renew his stock, furbish up and add to his business information, and increase his value in the Business market by making him more capable every day of his life.

It is Written by Business Men.

The Business Encyclopædia is written by practical men for practical men. Every article is a Business article and the end kept steadfastly in view is to give such an exposition of Business principles and practice as will enable any intelligent man by reference hereto, to deal with any matter of business that may come before him.

Now—we put it to the intelligent readers of JOHN BULL—is not that man a fool who neglects to avail himself of this wonderful opportunity, who lets his compeers in the Business world out-distance him, and who lets himself get hopelessly left behind inthe Business race when, for a merely nominal first expenditure of one-and-sixpence, he might so easily be ahead amongst the winners?

Send for the Free Book, and you will see all that the possession of this wonderful Business Encyclopædia may mean to your success. For it cannot be too emphatically repeated, and re-repeated, that *it is knowledge that wins* nowadays. Success in business is not achieved by mere sobriety or civility, or by the man who glues himself to his office seat at nine and descends therefrom at six o'clock, however hard he has worked in the meantime.

In the world of Business—we have only to look round to be convinced of it—it is "The Man Who Knows" who comes to the top.

TWO OPINIONS.

SIR THOMAS DEWAR writes:—

"I must congratulate you upon the production of such an excellent work. The volumes are full of information, and I feel sure they will be found to be a necessity in every commercial house. Now that we see the 'Encyclopædia,' the marvel is that such a work has not been thought of in this country before."

A CLERK'S OPINION:—

Mr. G. W. Read, Clerk, Fortnum Road, London, N.: "I never made a more gratifying purchase. I regard the 'Business Encyclopædia' as a most profitable investment, and I very much regret that such a work did not come my way earlier in life."

A FREE BOOK.

The Publishers have compiled a handsomely illustrated book—"THE PRACTICAL BOOK"—which will be sent to you *post free*. It contains information of priceless value to the man who means to succeed. It will tell you all about the "Business Encyclopædia," and how it can be obtained for a first payment of 1s. 6d., the balance to be paid by small monthly payments.

To the Caxton Publishing Co.,
Clun House, Surrey Street, London, W.C.

Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "THE PRACTICAL BOOK."

Name .....
(Send this Form or a postcard mentioning JOHN BULL.)

Address .....

.....

A WORD WITH TWO EMIGRATION AGENTS-GENERAL.

HOW RESPECTABLE APPLICANTS FOR COLONIAL WORK ARE TREATED.

Two young men, railway clerks, of the name of Roper, write to us from Bradford to complain of the action of the High Commissioner for New Zealand in London. These young men had been eight years in the service of the Cape Government Railways and returned from South Africa in July, 1908. On arrival they wrote to the High Commissioner for New Zealand as to the chance of obtaining employment such as they had been accustomed to on the New Zealand Government's Railways, and received the following official reply :—

> Vacancies such as you mention that occur in New Zealand are filled locally, and necessitate personal application on the spot.

Thereupon the young men went out to New Zealand, but on arrival at Wellington they were informed by the General Manager of Railways that there was absolutely no chance of entering the service, as all appointments were given to cadets, and that appointing senior men, no matter what their railway qualifications were, was a procedure not adopted by them. They were also told that the High Commissioner in London was cognisant of these facts and should not have misled them. The result was that the young men had to go to the Back Blocks and work at "pick-shovel" work in order to earn the money to bring them back to England.

They say that they have a very serious grievance against the Agent-General's office in this country, and it seems to us that they have. Surely the least the official who saw them could have done was to have told them that a journey to New Zealand for railway employment would be absolutely useless owing to the regulations governing the appointments. We are quite sure the Agent-General himself will agree with us as to this, and we do not doubt that he will give the necessary instructions to prevent a repetition of the misdirection referred to.

And here is another complaint, this time affecting the New South Wales Agency :—Some weeks ago, Harold Jay went to the Agency in Queen Victoria Street to ask for an "Assisted Passage." He said that he had considerable experience as a fruit-grower, and based his application on this ground. He was given to understand that he might rely upon an assisted passage, but that such passages could not be given for his wife and children. Thereupon Jay went away, made arrangements with his friends for the maintenance of his wife and children, and sold up his home with the intention of going to New South Wales forthwith. He called again at the office, and was then told that the passage could not be given to him unless he had a reference. Upon this he got a reference from Mr. Edward J. Keeble, a well-known farmer, whose address is Great Oakley Hatch, Harwich. The letter is dated January 24th, and runs :—

> I have known Harold Jay for ten or twelve years; during some three or three and a half of these he was on a fruit farm in Hampshire gaining experience, after which he was some three or four years managing his own garden and glasshouses here in Great Oakley. He is thoroughly experienced in the management of fruit trees and vine culture. As to his personal character, I cannot speak too highly.

One would have thought that this reference would have been sufficient. It testifies to Jay being a man of experience in fruit cultivation and of high character. But when on the morning of January 25th, Jay went again to the office with the money in his pocket to pay for the assisted passage, he was given a form which he was told he must fill up. One of the questions on this form was as to what the applicant had been doing during the last two years. Now it appears that for family reasons during that period Jay was assisting in his father's business, which was not that of a fruit-grower. Upon making this statement, Jay was told that the assisted passage could not be given to him, as it was necessary that he should have been engaged in fruit-growing right up to date to secure the assistance required. The result is that Jay has sold his household goods at the loss inseparable from such sales, and now finds himself unable to get to Australia unless he pays the ordinary passage fare.

We cannot help thinking that if Mr. Coghlan looks into this matter—as no doubt he will when he has seen this paragraph—he will give the necessary instructions for the assisted passage to be granted to Jay.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS.—LXXXVIII.

We print below an appeal which seems to us to be well worthy of the generous attention of our readers. It is difficult to imagine a much stronger case for sympathy and help. A rascally bailiff makes an illegal distraint; An appeal to the magistrates secures an order for the restoration of the furniture, but the order is ignored; proceedings are then taken against the bailiff and judgment obtained with substantial damages; then the bailiff disappears, and the victim of his rascality is ruined :—

> I am in such great trouble through the following circumstances, and wondered if you would be able to help me.
>
> In August, 1908, during the height of the season, when my house was full of visitors, an illegal distraint was levied at our house, 24, Grand Parade, Brighton. The man who came into possession was *uncertificated* and came *after sunset*. He refused a quarter's rent, £13 15s., and also costs of levy. I had the care of a clergyman's daughter's furniture, as well as my own. This they seized, but I went to the magistrates, who stopped the sale, fined the man £3 and costs and fees, and ordered the furniture to be returned. This was not done; so we immediately placed the matter in a solicitor's hands, and after patiently waiting until March 23rd (through want of funds), the case came on before Judge Scully, at the Brighton County Court. We *won* the case, Judge Scully ordering Mr. —— (who was formerly head bailiff for the Corporation and had lost his position through negligence) to pay us £60 damages, return our furniture or its value, and pay all solicitor's costs, and costs of levy. He gave him 14 days to find the money, instead of forthwith. The result is—the man has entirely disappeared, and the rumour is, he has left the country.
>
> We had staked our all on the case, and are in want—no home, and no money, all our relatives being deceased. My husband is more or less an invalid through chronic rheumatism and kidney trouble, I am not strong, being over 40 years of age. If only we could get a little help to enable us to start another home, it would save us from sinking lower. You will find all this statement true and worthy of sympathy. We are now living in one room until we can find something to do.

We have to acknowledge for the subjects of Human Document LXXXV. the following monies, which have been forwarded :—L. S. A., 1s. 6d.; Somerset, 5s.; E. F., 2s. 6d.

We have received on behalf of the writer of Human Document LXXXVI. 2s. 6d. from M. E. A.

THE GUARDS AND THEIR MESS.

WHAT WINCHCOMBE SAYS.

Winchcombe, as some of our readers may know, is a little country town in Gloucestershire, and from August 28th to September 9th, 1909, the Guards' Brigade was encamped there. Now the Mess Contractor of the Brigade was a man named John Brown, of Elm Grove, Cricklewood, N.W., who obtained credit from the Winchcombe tradesmen, who naturally are only in a small way of business, for very considerable sums, and left the place after Camp terminated, owing them no less than £200. To one tradesman alone he was indebted for £118. It has since become known that Brown was and is an undischarged bankrupt. When pressed for payment by one creditor he remitted him a few pounds, but intimated for the first time that "Mitchell and Co." were the debtors. Subsequently he said that they were "Winship and Co." Recently the creditors got a letter from a London firm of solicitors offering 5s. in the £ on behalf of "Cheese and Hopkins." This the creditors refused. Had they known that Brown was an undischarged bankrupt, they would not, it need hardly be said, have given him credit at all. The tradesmen relied upon the Guards appointing a Mess Contractor who could be trusted, and it seems to us that they have ground for their complaint that an undischarged bankrupt should have been given the position, and so have been enabled to obtain credit which otherwise he could not have got.

SOME CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

Dentist constructs Artificial Teeth by suction without pain.

Mother's Help, 16, seeks sit., where no children kept.

Smart young Reporter wants to better himself; can do booking by double entry, stage manage or position of trust; can ride 7st 10lb., abstainer, auburn, tenor, left-hand leg-break; father Churchman.

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Fumed Oak BEDROOM SUITE, comprising large-size wardrobe, with bevelled glass door and long drawer beneath, and fitted with leaded light panels at sides; dressing chest with landscape shape swing mirror and drawers below; marble top and back washstand, with towel rails fixed; and two cane or rush-seated chairs. Price complete £9 12s. 6d.

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will find a great advantage in dealing with The Midland Furnishing Company, as their fares to town are paid on all orders of £30 and upwards, and country orders are packed free and carriage paid. CARPETS and LINOS PLANNED and LAID FREE. 5 per cent. discount is allowed for cash

OUR GENERAL TERMS ARE:

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50	...	...	...	£1 8 0
100	...	...	...	2 5 0
200	...	...	...	4 10 0
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1,000	...	...	...	22 10 0
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Any amount pro rata or by other proportionate payments if desired.

Our 1910 Guide and Catalogue is Free.

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REVOLUTION OR EVOLUTION?

SOME THOUGHTS AND SUGGESTIONS UPON THE PRESENT CRISIS.

By Horatio Bottomley, M.P.

The present lull in the Parliamentary world affords a convenient opportunity to take stock of the position. Will the crisis fizzle out—as crises have a knack of doing nowadays—or will it end in Revolution? Personally, I am disposed to think that the days of Revolution are gone, at any rate with civilised nations. Hungary and France may still have them—and, possibly Italy and Spain; but they were always foreign to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic races—and they are too expensive for the Celts.

Trusting the Constitution.

What is a Revolution? In the very first issue of this journal, I defined it as a device for applying the forceps of Impatience to the womb of Time. And I do not think I can improve upon that definition. And, adhering to it, I think Dr. Asquith, Dr. Balfour and other Political Practitioners will come to the conclusion that the British Constitution, which has given so generously of her substance in the past, may well be spared from violent treatment, and may be trusted, in the fulness of time, to bring forth her progeny yet unborn. In other words, the Law of Nature—of Humanity—of the World—Evolution—will direct all things for good.

Let us look calmly at the situation, and, in looking at it, let us always remember that we are in the Twentieth Century—that we are grown up. Then we shall not talk about cracking each other's skulls; we shall sit quietly down and find a way out.

The Problem.

What is the problem? Stated in terms of simplicity it is this—Is the country to be governed, and governed exclusively, by a popularly elected Parliament? Under Mr. Asquith's scheme it is true that the Second Chamber is to have the right to delay general legislation for two years—but only to *delay* it. The Veto goes. Now, whatever be the merits of the scheme, nobody can doubt that the time has arrived for *something* to be done. The hereditary principle, as an element in government, has long been out of date. The Peerage, as a caste, has died out. Both political parties have done their best to kill it. You cannot create nobility by Letters Patent—that is *Snobility*. People who talk about an impending struggle between the "Classes" and the "Masses" forget that most of the Peers are no class at all.. The rest never struggle—it is bad form! But the idea of a House of Lords, as at present constituted, having powers co-ordinate with those of the Commons was too grotesque to survive the new century. And so it must go.

A Joint Committee.

What is to take its place? Surely it is not beyond the power of common-sense John Bull to devise a Senate? The Lords have shown their willingness to discuss the matter. Let us have a Joint Committee of the two Houses to draft a scheme; adjourn the Veto Resolutions for a month—which would afford ample time for the purpose—and get on with business.

Commons Reform.

And we might at the same time have a Committee of the Commons, considering how to make that House a really representative chamber. At present, elected by less than half of half of the adult population, it is as much an anachronism as the House of Lords. Some of its members represent fifteen hundred voters, and ome represent nearly fifty thousand; and very few of them represent half of their constituents—whilst in several whole counties the minority are without a single representative.

The Party System.

And what of the present Party System—how much longer is that to endure? We are all Democrats in these days, and most of our Party names are meaningless words. Whilst we are fighting about them, the Professional Politicians and the Lawyers are laughing at us. They found that out in America long ago, and Mr. Lowell gave the truth expression in the "Biglow Papers":

"So they march in percessions, an' git up hooraws,
An' tramp thru the mud fer the good o' the cause,
An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the prophecies,
Wen they're on'y jest changin' the holders of offices;
Ware A sot afore, B is comf'tably seated,
One humbug's victorious an' t'other defeated,
Each honnable doughface gits jest wut he axes,
An' the people—their annooal soft-sodder an' taxes."

The old Party fights were fought by the men of last century—Disraeli, Gladstone, Bright and Salisbury were the last of the brigade. Now, our Party names denote merely sectional and transient ideas. The man in the street is weary of them.

An Impregnable Rock.

Mr. Asquith has, with consummate skill, navigated us past the first rocks. There is now one ahead of him—firm and impregnable. It is called the Throne. Whoever collides with that is doomed. At present he is heading straight for it. As surely as he strikes it, so surely will the ship which he commands go to the bottom of the sea. But I believe he will yet avoid it. The nearer he approaches it, the more will he be overawed by its majesty—standing out in eloquent silence, the sentinel and the symbol of the British Empire. And as this truth dawns upon him, he will change his course. Balfour will laugh; Redmond will swear; Keir Hardie will sulk—but there will be no Revolution. —*E*volution will have triumphed.

The Interim.

Meanwhile, cannot we all unite in one or two common causes? What about the Navy? Are we blind to what is really going on, not only in Germany, but between Germany and Austria? The old Emperor cannot last much longer. His death will be the signal for Hungary's last effort at emancipation. Then we shall see Germany and Austria knitted in bonds of such close alliance as to render their respective fleets for all practical purposes one. What about the Fiscal question? How much longer are we to make fools of ourselves by persisting in regarding as a Party problem what is essentially a Business question? And Public Education? How much longer is the present absurd system to prevail? And the Poor Laws—and half-a-dozen other questions? How could we be better occupied than in grappling with these, whilst the Constitutional position is being set right?

The Outcome.

But whether we waste, or utilise, the time before us, the Twentieth Century will have brought the peaceful death of the Hereditary Chamber; the birth of a British Senate; the creation of a Representative House; the downfall of the Party system—and the dawn of a Business Government.

CAUGHT NAPPING AGAIN!

"WAKE UP, JOHN BULL! WAKE UP!"

JOHN BULL IN THE CITY.

By Verax.

THE BOOMS CHECKED, BUT NORMAL BUSINESS ASSURED—RHODESIAN MINES IN THE ASCENDANT.

For the time being, the Rubber and Oil booms are checked, but there will be plenty of business left in both sections, which, after all, have sound foundations. But the first principle is that speculators should not go beyond their depth, and not consider dealing in Rubber shares as safe as an investment in Consols. The market which is bracing up for a sharp rise in Rhodesian Mines. We are about to hear much about Shamva from Messrs. H. A. Piper and Stanley Christopherson, just returned after personal inspection. Then, again, the Rowdy Boys Mine is being equipped with 60 stamps. Shamva Mines are up ¾ at 4 11-16, and Gold Schists at 1¾ are on the eve of a rise. Amalgamated Properties at 11s. should follow suit in connection with the new Land Company which is being formed under its auspices. As three millions sterling in gold are on the way to London from New York, the monetary position is improving, and a reduction of the Bank Rate is already being discussed. The rumours of possible financial difficulties were, as usual, greatly exaggerated, the Bears utilising them to the utmost.

A SET-BACK IN RUBBER SHARES ON REALISATIONS—AN EARLY RALLY PROBABLE—THE COMING SPECIAL SETTLEMENTS.

Rumours of financial troubles and realisations on the part of weak "Bulls," partly in connection with the coming special settlements, were chiefly responsible for a set-back in Rubber shares, which has at last brought down the level of prices to a considerable extent. But the declines, especially in the high-class producing and dividend-paying companies, are, after all, very moderate in comparison with the great rise which had taken place. The price of fine hard Para is somewhat lower at 11s. 6d. for June-July, and with regard to Middle East Plantation the Mincing Lane auctions will say the next word, but the receipts in Para in April were only 3,580 tons, against 3,760 tons in April, 1909, and in the Rubber trade marked scarcity is still being predicted for June. The following is my table of representative shares brought up to date:—

	Shares.	Paid.	Price, April 16.	Price, May 3.
Anglo-Malay	£5.	£5.	35s. 9d.	30s.*
Bukit Rajah	£1	£1	23/32	20
Cicely Ord.	£5.	£5.	3¼	2⅝
Eastern Intern'l Shares ..	£1	10s.	2 5/32 pm.	1 7/32 pm.
Highlands and Lowlands	£1	£1	9 3/32	7 3/32*
Kamuning "A"	£5.	£5.	14s. 9d. pm.	10s. pm.
Kuala Lumpur	£1	£1	13	10 3/32*
Ledbury	£1	£1	6⅛	5
Linggi Ord.	£5.	£5.	69s. 6d.	61s. 6d.
North Hummock	£1	14s.	5 3/32 pm.	4 1/32*
Prye R. and Coconut ..	£1	12s. 6d.	2 3/32 pm.	1 7/32 pm.
Rim (Malacca)	£1	15s.	2 5/32 pm.	1 7/32 pm.
Selangor	£5.	£5.	4 3/32	3 5/32
Shelford	£1	£1	4 3/32	4
S'raits (Bertam)	£5.	£5.	11s. 6d.	9s.
Sumatra Para	£5.	£5.	17s. 6d.	14s.
United Serdang	£1	£1	6 3/32	6⅛
United Sumatra	£5.	£5.	18s.	13s.
Vallambrosa	£5.	£5.	62s.	51s. 3d.

*1d.

A distinct safeguard is the fact that the business in Rubber shares is mostly being carried on on a cash basis, and now that the weak speculators are more or less eliminated, the market should right itself, provided the special settlements, a large number of which will take place on May 5th, are fairly well surmounted. I have all along pointed to the reckless application for shares in untried new Rubber companies as the chief danger, and I have consistently urged timely profit-taking during the height of the "Boom." I suppose that in connection with the special settlements some more forced closing will take place yet, and for instance, Molesworth have been sold by needy holders, but after the special settlement a sharp recovery is expected in these and others of the better class. Among the *Venture Corporation* issues *Jequié* are quoted 14s. 6d., *Nyassa* at ½ prem., and *Madagascar* Ordinary at 1½, the latter being a tempting purchase. Venture Corporation have reacted to 8s. 9d., partly on the resignation of the Chairman, Mr. F. W. Baker, who has decided to devote all his time to the *Hirsch Syndicate*, of which he is managing director.

THE VINE AND GENERAL RUBBER TRUST, LTD.

This Company appears to be destined to play a most important part in the rubber-growing industry of the future, while in view of the influence and connections of the powerful Hirsch syndicate, under whose auspices it is formed, it will also be able to successfully carry out other enterprises. Its business, however, will be chiefly in connection with forest areas where wild rubber vines are found in their natural state. The Company's acquisition of the patent rights for the whole world for the Guiguet machinery for extracting rubber direct from the vines, and purifying the dirty rubber produced by native methods, will enable it to secure large profits for itself and its subsidiaries, and it will, in fact, revolutionise the wild rubber production. Numerous companies floated by the Trust will be incorporated in various parts of the world for dealing with the different concessions and the machinery referred to, and already the *Madagascar Rubber Company, Limited*, the *Nyassa Rubber Company, Limited*, and the *Crude Rubber Washing Company, Limited*, have been floated for that purpose. The Board is a thorough business and influential one, most of the directors being connected with the Rubber industry, and the Trust should prove as successful as the various companies already floated with the Hirsch Syndicate's aid by the *London Venture Corporation*. The capital is fixed at £1,250,000 divided into 750,000 ten per cent. participating preference shares of £1 each (500,000 of which are now issued in par) and 500,000 ordinary shares.

GALVEZ RUBBER ESTATES.

It is strange that the shares in the Galvez Rubber Estates, Ltd., have hitherto been neglected, for it is a company of old standing, the transfer of whose properties, consisting of five estates, covering nearly 1,000,000 acres in the district of La Paz, Bolivia, near the Beni River, was completed by Sir George Newnes, Bart., while Mr. F. H. Newnes, M.P., is the chairman. According to the statement of a well-known American rubber expert, there are at least 300,000 matured trees of the Hevea Brasiliensis sort on the estate, which, with careful management, should yield from 4 lbs. to 6 lbs. of rubber, or about 1,500,000 lbs.; but, assuming that the immediate out-turn, as estimated by the manager, Señor M. Galvez, in March last, from September, 1909, to September 1910, of the trees now being dealt with, be only 80,000 lbs. this should leave a profit of £38,000 at the present price of 12s. per lb., assuming a cost of 2s. 6d. per lb., or nearly 40 per cent. on the share capital issued to date of £97,500 in £1 shares fully paid. To the end of March, 1909, the directors paid a dividend of 5 per cent., and a further interim dividend of 3 per cent. has since been paid, the net amount of rubber gathered up to March 31st, 1909, and since sold, having been 98,000 lbs. of very good quality. Surely, in view of the revival in rubber, the shares are worth a great deal more than the present price of 17s. 6d. to 18s.

OIL SHARES REACT WITH OTHER STOCKS—A GOOD UNDERTONE, HOWEVER—EUROPEAN AND GENERAL OIL TRUST.

The market for oil shares has kept rubber shares company in the latest setback, but here, too, there is no reason to fear that the movement is over. On the contrary, in view of the wild speculation which was in progress at one time, the shake-out of weak elements should place the market on a sounder footing.

There is no doubt about the great future of crude oil as a cheap source of light and fuel. Amongst the Maikop propositions London and Maikop Oil Corporation shares have kept their price best at ⅜—½ prem., while Maikop Valley £1 shares, 5s. paid, are tempting at ¼ to ⅜ prem. The first subsidiary of the London and Maikop, the Australian Maikop Oil Company, capital £275,000, in 2s. shares, has just been announced. New Zealand Oilfields at 3d. premium are admirably situated as to accessibility, and Anglo-Italian have remained remarkably firm at 1 for the Ordinary and 1 5-16 for the Preference. The shares in the European and General Oil Trust, Ltd. (capital £20,000, in 400,000 shares of 1s. each), have come into demand at 4s., and are likely to go better, as this Trust will develop into an important parent syndicate. A Russian gentleman of high standing has undertaken to secure for them the first option on all properties, which he is in a unique position of acquiring, and from this source and from Dr. Dvorkowitz they have already obtained two large blocks of claims for flotation, while 374 petroliferous claims of half a square mile just acquired in Newfoundland, have been formed into a company just issued, the Newfoundland Oil (Parent Development Syndicate, Ltd.), with a capital of £75,000.

NEW ISSUE

THE BRITISH AMAZON RUBBER ESTATES, LIMITED.

With a capital of £400,000, divided into 400,000 shares of £1 each, of which 160,000 shares will be issued as fully paid, in part payment of the purchase price, and 215,000 shares are now offered for subscription at par, this Company has been formed to acquire two valuable rubber properties in Brazil, held in perpetuity, together with rubber trees, growing crops, and houses thereon. The Company acquires, in

fact, the freehold of three-quarter million acres of land in Brazil situated in the centre of the best Para rubber territories. There are great facilities for transport, and the reports state that there are over 1,000,000 Para rubber trees on the estate ready for tapping. The board is an exceptionally strong one, and includes directors of several well-known and successful rubber companies.

We are informed that the Russian Oil Lands, Ltd., have been heavily over-subscribed, and applicants can only hope for a small proportion of shares to be allotted to them. We hear these shares have already been dealt in on the Exchange at from a quarter to half premium.

A DISCLAIMER.

Mr. Robert C. Vincent, of the London County and Continental Share Exchange, 119 and 120, London Wall, E.C., writes asking us to make it quite clear to our readers that he is in no way connected by relationship or business with Mr. Gaius Tom Vincent, at present under remand upon charges arising out of his alleged connection with the firms of "McPherson, Brady and Co." and "G. Vincent and Co.," outside brokers.

JOHN BULL'S FINANCIAL LETTER-BOX.

(1) Letters containing inquiries must be addressed to the City Editor, John Bull, 2, Copthall Buildings, E.C. The names and addresses of correspondents must be enclosed, not, of course, for publication, but in token of good faith. Anonymous communications will be disregarded.

(2) Correspondents should adopt either a nom-de-plume, or mention initials under which the replies will appear in the paper. The stocks or subjects inquired about should also be numbered.

(3) Replies are only made in the ordinary way through the columns of this journal under the above heading, and not by letter.

(4) In no circumstances will the proprietors undertake the sale or purchase of stocks or shares.

(5) If inquirers wish it, the names and addresses of respectable firms of stockbrokers, members of the London Stock Exchange, for transacting business, will be supplied to them, in which case a stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed.

(6) A Postal Order for 1/- must accompany each Financial or Insurance Enquiry.

Various.—Weekly Reader.—(1) I think you were lucky to get so much, and the question is whether you are prepared to go to the expense of legal proceedings, which might prove to be a case of throwing good money after bad. (2) The fall is due to delay in the issue of the report. After the latter appears, however, a recovery is probable. (3) I do not advise dealings with such people, and only with members of the Stock Exchange. J. K.—The first portion of your letter is being replied to by post. As regards your other query, having waited so long, I would not advise purchase of these shares now.

Mines.—Anxious (Merthyr Tydvil).—Hold the low-priced West Africans, Nos. 1 and 2, but do not buy any more to average until the Jungle market definitely takes a turn for the better. The other shares mentioned, Nos. 1 to 5, are all good purchases.

Premium Bonds, Etc.—Druid II.—I send in your envelope the address of a respectable firm of Foreign bankers in London, who will be pleased to supply this information for a small charge. The gas shares in question are not quoted.

Rubbers, Etc.—Always Late.—(1) Linggis are very promising amongst rubber shares, but you will have to be prepared for sharp fluctuations. (2) I am by no means hopeful with regard to Aerated Breads, and you might take an early opportunity to get out. Grub.—I do not care much for most of your investments. There is no market for No. 1, and as regards the rubbers, Nos. 2 to 9, the best are Nos. 6 and 9, while the others are more or less doubtful.

Oils, Etc.—Brasso.—(1) Baku are a fair purchase amongst low-priced oil shares. (2) I do not care much for these shares. Mrs. F.—I send you the address by post, and you can communicate with the firm yourself. Both shares in question are fair risks, but I cannot tell you exactly how high they will go. Mrs. E. M. M.—(1) A respectable outside firm, regarding whom I have had no complaints. (2) Instead of buying these rubber shares, give your attention to some of those mentioned in my article. (3) I do not advise purchase; you can do better in low-priced South Africans or West Africans.

Rubbers, Rhodesians.—S. J. L. (Beal).—(1) Sell these rubber shares, which are quite high enough. (2) Yes, hold Amalgamated Props.

Bond System.—Senaj (Liverpool).—The bond system is objectionable, and it would be better to carry out the proposed purchase through one of the leading Building Societies.

Mines, Rubbers.—Mac.—I certainly do not advise a purchase of the mining shares in question, which are quite unknown here. Nor do I think very much of the rubber shares in question.

Gilt-Edged Investments.—Lessor.—Government Securities would be preferable, say Colonial Government Bonds, which are trustee stocks, and yet yield up to about 3½ per cent. per annum.

£30 for Investment.—T.—Follow the course proposed under No. 2, viz., put the money into Prestea Mines.

Harmony Props.—Don.—Harmony Props. are a good holding amongst South African, but everything depends upon the general market as regards a rise. I cannot advise with regard to the standing of provincial stockbrokers.

Rubbers, Oils, Etc.—Heather.—(1) New Zealand Oils are a promising speculative holding. (2) You must please yourself with regard to these. (3) I am afraid you will find it a difficult task to get rid of these rubber shares, if you desired to.

Kaffir.—Mallens.—A fairly promising Kaffir proposition, but not very prominent, and from that point of view Randfontein Central or Randfontein South, for instance, would be preferable.

£170.—Birmingham.—D. S.—It would not do for you to withdraw all your money from the Savings Bank and speculate with it, and I suppose you would only do so with part of it. I think that Anglo-Roumanian oil shares at 1 to 1¼, and Maikop Valley at 1¼ should suit you well, but your Broker will also be able to advise you.

Speculating with £2.—Zenith.—The people whose circulars you send are outside brokers, who run what is called blind pools, and if you send them £2, you are pretty sure to lose it. This is an old trick. Unless you can put down a moderate amount, and deal with a respectable stockbroker, say at least £20, you should not attempt speculation.

Selling Reversion.—Dubious.—In dealing with such matters, you come into contact with all manner of people. You may as well try the firm mentioned, but take care that you do not part with anything unless you get the money.

Drawing of Prizes re Father Mathew Temperance Hall, Cork.—W. S. (Stoke Newington).—Why do you not write to the address in Cork to inquire if this is genuine?

£2,300 for Investment.—Woodstock.—The following would be a suitable selection:—North Eastern Railway, Great Central Five per cent. Preference and Canadian Pacifics. Instead of Industrials, however, why not go into sound foreign enterprises, which, while giving a similar if not better return, offer greater chances of capital appreciation. From this point of view leading Argentine Rails, such as Central Argentine, B. A. Great Southern and B. A. Western are worth attention. I would also suggest that you put some of the money into sound South African gold mining shares, which, in consequence of the neglected state of the market, can at present be bought at a very moderate level. I shall be pleased to make you up a suitable list, or the firm of stockbrokers, whose address I send at your request, will doubtless be pleased to advise you.

£50 Investment.—Joseph-in-Doubt.—With regard to your proposed investment. I really do not like your selection at all, and I think you could do far better in Home Railway stocks, and a sound dividend-paying Rand Mining share, such as Crown Mines, which yield over 8 per cent. and are high-class.

Maikop Oil and Prestea.—Janet.—(1) What you require has been forwarded. (2) Yes, Prestea Mines are a good purchase at about 9s. 6d., and amongst Oil shares, London and Maikop Oil, or Maikop Valley Oil, would be most suitable.

Rhodesian Mines.—J. B. W.—New Rhodesian Mines are now quoted 4s. to 4s. 6d., and I do not think much of them. Perhaps they will go up when other Rhodesians brace up.

Mabira Forest Rubber.—F. G. S. (Edinburgh).—I should advise you to sell these when you get your price again.

Oil, Harmony Props., Etc.—Chemicus.—(1) Instead of going into a so-called Rubber Trust, I should advise a Maikop oil company, such as London Maikop Oil Corporation, Anglo-Maikop Ordinary, or Maikop Valley. (2) London Venture Corporation and Harmony Props. (3) are promising. (4) No, not options. (5) Not promising.

International Maikop.—Ignoramus.—I should think that the Maikop oil shares above mentioned to "Chemicus" would be preferable.

Kuala Lumpur and Other Rubber Shares.—Anxious.—(1) Do not forget that these shares are highly speculative and already at a big price. A and C are preferable to B. (2) Malaccas are quite high enough. (3) Yes. (4) Too long-winded for you.

Second Reply.—J. A. C. (Piccadilly).—This has been answered once. Modder Leases, Ferreira Deeps, and Brakpans are good mining shares of the kind.

Maikop Oil Companies.—Ummedwar.—(1) Maikop Standard Oilfields are fair value, but I should prefer Anglo-Maikop, Maikop Valley, or London and Maikop Oil Corporation. (2) Yes, but you would have to deal in at least £20 of any particular stock. (3) No.

Deal in Vallambrosa.—Black Edge (Weymouth).—It does not appear that you have been fairly dealt by, but you ought to have given more decided instructions and left them no discretion.

Bibi-Eybat.—Oily.—Everything depends upon the production, which showed a decrease during the past year. If the oil share market maintains its recovery, Bibi-Eybats might perhaps recover, but personally I prefer the Maikop issues. Also see my article on the subject.

New Zealand Oilfields.—Anxious.—A pure speculation, but not unpromising. However, profits are always worth taking.

Publication Shares.—T. H. H.—I am afraid you will see very little, if any, of your money back again in either of the two concerns in question.

Rinkeries Dividend.—Oxoniensis.—It is the custom when buying shares cum dividend that the purchasers should get the whole amount, and you should insist upon the same.

Victorian Mining.—Lancer.—You ought to try to get some of your fellow-shareholders to combine with you to get your money back, perhaps by making the directors themselves responsible for it. Otherwise, you will stand very little chance.

£300 Investment.—Trusty.—Great Central 4 per cent. Preference at 97. Japanese 4 per Cents. at 96⅞, Grand Trunk 4 per cent. Guaranteed at 94 2d., and Vickers and Maxim 4½ per cent. Second Mortgage Debentures at 105. D. D.—No, it is better to deal direct with a stockbroker, member of the Stock Exchange. The Banks are not well enough posted and act too slowly, while mostly charging more commission.

Three Banks.—T. T. T.—The three banks in question are sound and prosperous concerns, but while No. 1 are fully paid, No. 2 are £20 shares, £10 paid: No. 3, £25 shares, £15 paid. I do not suppose that the uncalled capital will ever be called, but it is a contingency which must not be overlooked.

La Martona.—Stoke.—Why did you apply for these shares. I do not see how I can assist you. You had better try a compromise.

Two Rubbers.—Doubtful.—I am also doubtful with regard to both rubber shares in question, and advise you to sell, if you can. Also read my article on rubber shares this week.

Premium Bonds.—D.A.V.Y. (Surrey).—I cannot advise with regard to Foreign Lotteries, which are illegal in this country. Motors.—Premium Bonds are obviously superior to Lotteries. I send, as requested, the address of a firm of foreign bankers in London who make a speciality of dealings therein. Vesicans.—No, this French firm is notorious for charging far above the market prices, and I am sending you the name of a firm in London who make a speciality of the same, and who will treat you well. Anxious (Leeds).—If you send stamped and addressed envelope, and a Postal Order for 1s., I will send you the name you require. The firm you mention have been in the Receiver's hands for a long time. Morganwg.—You should have nothing to do with the firm from whom you purchased these bonds, but deal with a London firm of foreign bankers, whose address I send you, and who make a speciality of this business. With regard to the investment which you wish to make of £100, it is impossible to guarantee you 17½ per cent. The usual yield of sound securities is from 4 to 5½ per cent. F. W. H.—I send you by post the address of a respectable firm of foreign bankers in London who make a speciality of Premium Bonds, and will therefore be able to advise on the matter. Perplexed (Leith).—You have had to deal with persons who charge much more for Premium Bonds than the market price. You should have nothing more to do with them, but deal with a London firm of foreign bankers who make a speciality of these, and who will treat you honestly and keep you well informed.

Oil and Rubber.—Kelpie.—As requested, your letter has been cancelled. I am glad that the matter about the stockbroker has settled itself. It is impossible to say yet to what price to hold the oil shares. Take a fair profit. Stafflit: (Staff.).—There is very little market in any of the shares mentioned, and no option but to hold. J. L. R.—With regard to rubber and oil shares consult my article, which will tell you all you desire to know. T. S. A.—All the firms in question are only "bucket shops," and you should have nothing to do with them. It is quite correct that brokers, especially in these busy times, do not care to start with less than about £20. Daffodils.—Both these shares are high enough, and you can do better in some of those specially mentioned in my articles.

Ilano and Nilambur.—Skyrac.—If you hold Ilaros for a little time until some of the special settlements are over, you will find the price go up again. I do not recommend purchase of the other shares mentioned, and Nilamburs are high enough.

Serinha Rubber Estate.—Light.—I regret the misunderstanding. I do not think much of the company in question, or of any others in that location.

Rubber Exploration.—Working Man.—You will do well to hold your shares, as the company has done very well, and will shortly issue a favourable annual report.

Breweries.—J. B. S.—In the present condition of the Brewery market, I cannot advise investment in any such stocks.

Amal. Props.—New Chum.—(1) 8s. 9d. to 9s. 3d. (2) Certainly not; you ought to have had delivery of the shares long before.

Rhodesian Mine.—Ross Rock.—These Rhodesian shares are, obviously, a highly speculative holding, but it should be worth while now keeping the same for an improvement, along with other Rhodesians.

Fansiianti Goldfields.—P. L. W.—So far, the concern has done no good for its shareholders, and dividend prospects seem to be very remote. There is no market for the shares.

How to Speculate.—J. E. C. (Ireland).—It is quite impossible to speculate as you wish without depositing money, as no stockbroker will deal on those terms, unless it be for an important client who has got plenty of money. As you say that your money is locked up, you will have to wait until you are in a position to afford speculating.

Selfridge Prefs.—J. A. S.—These Preference shares are not quoted, and you would find it very difficult to sell them. What the market thinks of the business, however, is shown by the discount on the Debentures of no less than 27½ points.

Skating Rinks.—A. K. L.—These provincial skating rinks are bound for failure. You had better place the matter in a solicitor's hands, as it looks very suspicious. H. K.—This concern does not even appear in the usual books of reference, so that I am unable to give you the information It is at least doubtful, and I do not think much of the concern.

Outside Brokers.—W. P. D.—Have nothing to do with this concern with the high-sounding name. It is merely a bucket-shop. Poppy.—(1) No, this firm are outside brokers, and not members of the Stock Exchange. (2) These rubber shares are fair second-class. (3) Your wish has been complied with. J. C. (Southampton).—I advise you not to go into the Stock Unions of the London Scottish Stock Exchange if you do not want to lose your money. Wide-Awake (Warrington).—(1) Respectable as far as I know, but you must be aware that I do not recommend dealing with outside brokers. (2) Ditto. You may depend upon the advice given being chiefly in favour of these particular stocks themselves. Transfer Certificates.—As far as I know these people are acting fairly towards their clients. You should request the payment of the 30s. Optimist.—I do not as a matter of principle recommend dealing with outside brokers, and this applies also to No. 1 and 2. The shares No. 3 (Gold Coast Development) are highly speculative. J. A. W. (Wolverhampton).—You should have nothing to do with the outside brokers mentioned, or those who have sent you the circulars. There have been repeated complaints about them. You should deal only with a member of the Stock Exchange. New Reader.—have nothing to do with these people, who are outside brokers of a very dubious type. At the same time, brokers nowadays will not undertake commissions for less than £20, and then only for cash.

Underwriting Oil Companies.—W. E. J.—I have no doubt that this underwriting form is quite genuine, although it comes from an outside broker, but you should be very careful with regard to such matters, which might land you in great difficulties. I do not advise purchase of the shares, but there are other oil companies which are far preferable, and which you will find in my article.

Ceylon Rubbers.—A. E. B.—You should not have bought so high up. When I recommend a share, you must act at once and limit your stockbroker to a price. At present you will have to let the special settlement pass. Buy also the other rubber shares, only after the settlement on May 5. Kinsella.—It is a pity that you did not take the handsome profit which you had at one time in these shares. They are more suitable for speculation than for investment, as it will be some time before they can pay dividends.

Tankanyika and Goldfields.—Johnnie.—For the investment of your £800 No. 1 and 2 would be a promising speculative purchase, but it would be safer to spread the investment over No. 3—8, thus dividing the risk. You must not, however, anticipate early dividends from No. 4, 5 and 8, which are shares more than likely to rise in capital value in the near future. The others are dividend payers.

Speculation in Rubber and Oil Shares.—C. J.—(1) You should act on the hints given in my article. See, however, the remarks under "A Set-back in Rubber Shares." (3) Yes.

Rubber and Tobacco.—Bill.—I know nothing against the company. If you sell for special settlement you will have to wait for payment until that settlement.

Great Boulders.—Engineer.—Latest developments at depth have not fulfilled expectations, but these were only borehole essays, which may be improved upon when more systematic development is in progress. It is worth while holding the shares for a recovery. It is impossible to give any reliable estimate as to the "life" of the mine.

Eight Mines.—Electric.—The only good shares on your list are Randfontein South (7), and Johannesburg Consolidated (8), both of which are worth holding. The other concerns are either dead or moribund

Rubbers and Industrials.—Frank.—Liptons (2) are the best on your list. The others are either bad or indifferent, and you should get rid of them at the first opportunity.

Oils.—P. R. G.—The first-mentioned oil-shares, viz., Anglo-Maikop, are undoubtedly the pick of those mentioned, and especially on the reaction. I cannot advise with regard to provincial brokers. Sincere.—There is not much of a market in these oil shares, and you will be well advised to buy only those which have a free market. Consult my article on oil shares. H. H. A.—No one was ever ruined by taking a profit, and you should do so in this case when the opportunity offers. G. D.—This concern has fair prospects, but I always advise taking profits when you can get them, as in this case.

Ohio and Californian Oil.—Hoistup.—This concern does not even appear in the usual books of reference, and I regret, therefore, that I am unable to help you in the matter.

Guapo Trinidad Oil.—Creavery.—Under the circumstances you had better take the shares up, but they are not amongst my favourites, and when you can get an opportunity to sell, you had better do so.

Bensdown Lead.—F. W. H.—This concern is in a very bad way, and there is no market for the shares, which are apparently worthless.

Murchison Associated.—Anxious.—There is a mistake somewhere. The shares are 1s. each, 9d. paid. You should communicate with your broker, and get the matter put right at once.

Rubber Shares.—R. W. G.—These rubber shares have been adversely affected by the approach of the special settlement. When the latter has been surmounted, they should go better again. F. W. H.—I do not care for any of the shares in question, and you had better realise them if you can. E. E. N. (Wolverhampton).—You will be perfectly within your rights to insist upon getting delivery of your shares, but the question is, of course, whether these have yet been issued by the company itself. Meantime, there is no option but to stand where you are in the hope of a recovery in the rubber-share market generally. S. R. H.—You can do better in other rubber shares. For hints, consult my article. J. G. A. L.—These shares have gone down with the rest of the market, and there is no option now but to hold. W. J. S.—Your holdings have been affected by the general setback in the rubber-share market, and it would be advisable to hold them for a recovery. Shrewd.—These shares are quite high enough, and you will be well advised to take even this small premium. Queen's Park.—No one was ever ruined by taking a profit, and if you have one in this case, the same maxim applies.

Rink Finance.—C. A.—The worst of these movements is that you might let yourself in for unlimited costs, and then it may probably be only a case of throwing good money after bad. Personally, I should cut my loss.

Montrose, Brazilian Goldfields.—Birrell (Stafford).—The market for these shares has lately been left to its own devices, and consequently quotations are depressed. Advices from the Brazilian Goldfields, at any rate, are satisfactory, and, having held so long, it might be advisable to stand where you are, on the chance of matters taking a turn for the better.

Home Rails.—Ralph (Edmonton).—(1) North Western, Brighton A, or Caledonian Preferred. (2) Through a broker.

Tiger Rubbers.—Sam.—The shake-out has affected all rubber shares, and more particularly the newer concerns. I think, therefore, that you will have to take up your shares for the present.

Raphael Tucks.—C. B. F.—After the fall, it would hardly be advisable to sell now, as there is always the prospect of an improvement.

Financiers.—J. C. B.—Obviously East Finchley or Kentish Town are not the places where substantial financiers would be established, nor is it possible to obtain any information such as you require, these being suburbs. City financiers are naturally well known.

Mines, Etc.—W. E. P.—Yes, an investment in Prestea Mines and Amalgamated Propy. of Rhodesia should prove profitable eventually. The people in question seem respectable, but I cannot give advice with regard to outside brokers.

British North Borneos.—Interested.—A good holding of the kind, but try and get in on a reaction. The company's interests are now largely bound up with those of the rubber industry.

£100 Investment.—Canny Scot.—Your best course would be to consult the articles and tables on rubber and oil shares in the present issue.

Two Westralians.—A. J.—I do not think much of either share, and advise you to take an opportunity to sell, and reinvest in something more promising amongst South Africans, Rhodesians, or Jungles. For hints, see my article.

Industrial Preference.—K. M.—I would suggest Lipton 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference £1 shares, quoted at about 1 1-16.

Broker.—F. L. R.—What you require has been forwarded in your envelope.

Oil Trust.—M. F. G.—It is really impossible to say how these oil trusts will fare, and you must have some patience. In any case, even if you sell for special settlement, you cannot get the money yet, until that settlement has been appointed.

INSURANCE REPLIES.

Insurance Enquiries should be addressed Insurance Editor, 67, Long Acre, W.C.

London, Edinburgh and Glasgow Assurance Company.—L. E. S. (Wood Green.)—The point is not whether the company is acting with meanness in making the deduction of £2 14s. 7d., but whether paragraph 6, schedule 2, gives them the power to do so, and it seems to us that it does. As to the deduction of the deposit money, that, too, must depend upon whether you acquiesced in the condition when you took service with the company.

Accident Insurance Company.—J. D. (Clerkenwell).—The Scottish Accident, Life and Fidelity Company would be very suitable for your purpose.

Provincial Homes Investment Company.—A. B. (Altrincham).—It seems a hard case, but reference to the printed matter which explains the terms upon which the company does business would, we think, satisfy you that your friend has no ground for legal action.

City Life Assurance Company.—J. W. E. (Knightsbridge).—Yes, quite good.

National Benefit Trust.—Spy (Dublin).—The answer is in the affirmative.

Two Insurance Companies.—The City Studio.—The company you name is a first-rate one, established as far back as 1843. Besides the usual plans of whole-life and endowment assurance, it issues several policies of exceptional interest.

First Dutch Insurance Company.—Nat. M. (Dalston).—We do not think you friends need be under any anxiety. This company is quite "genuine," and will carry out any undertaking into which it may enter. Inverness (Inverness).—The answer to your question is in the affirmative. J. S. (Leman Street).—Ditto.

The Royal London Mutual Assurance Society.—T. H. D. (North Shields).—It is impossible to make any comparison between the standing and business of the two companies. The Royal London was, until recently, only a collecting society. As to their reversionary bonuses, they will only be declared in the next valuation, as at the last one the surplus was applied to increase benefits on policies. The surrender values of the company, as stated in Stone and Cox's tables, are considerably less than those of the majority of ordinary English Offices, and this is still more the case with the other company you name. When we say that a company is the "best," it does not necessarily mean that its premiums are absolutely the lowest, nor does it follow that the bonus must in every case be the highest. G. A. R. (London.)—You should make inquiry at the office, where they will give you an authoritative answer as to whether they are willing to do what you suggest or not. J. H. D.—The answer is in the negative.

United Provident Assurance Company.—Billows (Glasgow).—We do not see that the company is to be blamed in the matters to which you direct our attention, and having regard to the present position, we see no reason why you should discontinue payments.

Industrial Indemnity Corporation.—Doubtful (Wandsworth).—We cannot advise you to fall in with the suggestion of the company as named in your letter.

Claim upon Policy.—J. E. B. (Bargoed).—As we understand your letter, the company refuse to pay on the ground that material facts were withheld. If that be so they are justified in their refusal. It is impossible for us to say whether it is so or not without fuller information than you send us.

Purchase of Policy.—Darllenydd (London).—The security offered by the Post Office is, for all practical purposes, no whit better than that offered by an insurance company of high standing, whereas the benefits offered by the latter are often considerably more than by the Government institution.

The Counties and General Insurance Company.—Southdown (Great Yarmouth).—We know nothing to the contrary.

British Life Office, Limited.—J. H. (Mountain Ash).—It is a young company, established in 1846.

National General Insurance Company.—J. B. A. (Leeds).—We do not.

Plural Birth.—T. G. (London).—Yes, you can insure against the calamity of twins.

Provident Association of London.—S. A. E. (Southampton).—You cannot compel them to return the money, since you have put yourself in the wrong by not keeping up your payments. What they do must be a matter of grace.

The British Enterprise Unemployment Assurance Company.—F. W. (Bristol).—The scheme does not strike us as very promising.

Refuge Assurance Company.—E. H. H. (Streatham).—Yes, quite.

Completion of Policy.—G. P. (Brighton).—The transaction as you describe it is not feasible.

Purchase of Annuity.—J. W. (Cardiff).—At the age of 71, and for £1,000, you could obtain from a first-class office an annuity of £143 6s.

National Free Homes Association, Limited.—W. S. (Bristol).—The answer is in the negative.

Hearts of Oak Life and General Assurance Company.—A. S. X. (Dawlish).—We cannot tell you where you can dispose of your shares. It is very difficult to find purchasers for shares of this sort which have no quotation on the Stock Exchange. (2) The answer is in the negative. Chipo.—In the circumstances, we think you had better keep up the payments.

National Benefit Trust.—Spy (Dublin).—The answer is in the affirmative. Yes, the Trust replied. What is the particular information you want?

National Co-Operative Assurance Corporation.—T. P. (Harrow Road).—We should prefer another selection.

The Police Mutual Insurance Company.—E. H. W. (Brecon).—It is not a transaction we should recommend, but we know nothing to the prejudice of the company.

Abstainers and General Insurance Company.—J. E. (Portsmouth).—The company you name will, we have no doubt, carry out any undertaking it may enter into with you, and we see no objection to the particular proposal you think of making to them.

Liability upon Policy.—W. G. P. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Upon the facts as you state them, our opinion is that you are liable for the amount of the premium.

Provincial Homes Investment Company.—H. D. (Manchester).—Whatever the difference, transference to the London and Provincial Insurance Company is imperative.

A Copy of the full Prospectus has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

A Rubber-Producing Territory with over 1,000,000 Fully Matured Trees ready for Tapping.

The Subscription List will open on Wednesday, the 4th day of May, 1910, and will close on or before Saturday, the 7th day of May, 1910.

THE British Amazon Rubber Estates LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies (Consolidation) Act, 1908.

CAPITAL - - £400,000,

Divided into 400,000 Shares of £1 each,

Of which 160,000 Shares will be issued as fully paid in part payment of the purchase price, and

215,000 Shares are now offered for Subscription at Par,

Payable as follows:

2s. on Application; 7s. 6d. on Allotment; 5s. One Month after Allotment; and 5s. Two Months after Allotment

DIRECTORS.

SIR CORNTHWAITE H. RASON (Ex-Premier of Western Australia and late Agent-General for Western Australia in London), "Valetta," Sydenham, Director of the Anglo-Johore Rubber Estates, Limited, Chairman.
DAVID ANDREW (Director of The Jong-Landor Rubber Estates, Limited), 248, West George Street, Glasgow.
J. M. BOUSTEAD (Director of The Kampong Kuantan Rubber Co., Ltd.), 3 and 4, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.
SIR WILLIAM B. HUDSON, K.C.I.E. (Formerly President, Planters' Association, Behar; Director of The Bengal Dooars Railway Co., Ltd.), Egypt House, New Broad Street, London, E.C.
ALFRED HENRY SCOTT, M.P. (Director of the Rubber Corporation of Brazil, Ltd.), 108, Westbourne Terrace, London, W.
HENRY ANDERSON WATT, M.P. (Director of The Mercantile and General Insurance Co., Ltd.), Ardenslate House, Hunters Quay, Argyllshire.

BANKERS.

THE CAPITAL AND COUNTIES BANK, LIMITED, Finsbury Circus Branch, 3, Broad Street Place, London, E.C., Head Office and Branches.
THE COMMERCIAL BANK OF SCOTLAND, LIMITED, 62, Lombard Street, London, E.C.; Head Office, Edinburgh, and Branches.

SOLICITORS.

NICHOLSON, GRAHAM AND JONES, 24, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

BROKERS.

London—C. CHARLESWORTH AND CO., 20, Copthall Avenue, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
WALTER, WALKER AND CO., Bartholomew House, Bank, London, E.C., and Stock Exchange.
Glasgow—ROSS AND JACKSON, 24, St. Vincent Place, Glasgow, and Stock Exchange.
Manchester—DIMMOCK BROS. AND COWTAN, Examiners' Buildings, Strutt Street, Manchester, and Stock Exchange.
Liverpool—J. ARNOLD BRADSHAW AND CO., 25, Exchange Street East, Liverpool, and Stock Exchange.
Bristol—HILLMAN AND WOODCOCK, 45, Nicholas Street, Bristol, and Stock Exchange.

COMMERCIAL AGENTS.

BOUSTEAD BROS., 3 and 4, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

PRODUCE BROKERS.

WM. JAS. AND HY. THOMPSON, 38, Mincing Lane, London, E.C.

AUDITORS:

FUTCHER, HEAD AND CO., Chartered Accountants, Mildmay Chambers, 82, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICE.

FRANK T. KNIGHT, F.C.I.S., 1 and 2, Broad Street Avenue, London, E.C.

Abridged Prospectus

Objects.—This Company has been formed to acquire two valuable Rubber Properties in Brazil, held in perpetuity, together with all Rubber Trees, Growing Crops and Houses thereon.

Situation of Property.—The property embraces two Estates known as "Boa Esperance" and "Campinas," forming a compact area of about 1,193 square miles, in the States of Amazonas and Matto Grosso.

Reports.—Reports, which accompany this Prospectus, have been made on the property by Mr. George Anderson, who has had a wide experience of inspecting and reporting upon estates in South America, and by Mr. Ignatio Moerbeck, of Manaos, one of the Government engineers engaged in the survey of the railway across the property. Mr. E. A. Palmgren, who is the attorney of the present proprietors, has also supplied a full description of the properties and estimates which he has verified by a statutory declaration

Titles.—The property is held in perpetuity from the Government.

Communications and Transport.—The Estates are exceptionally well situated as regards transport. The Madeira-Mamore Railway is now under construction from "Porto Velho" to "Gunjara Mirim," a distance of about 200 miles, of which about 54 miles are now open for traffic. About 50 miles of this railway will run through the "Boa Esperance" Estate, on which three stations will be located. This railway is under contract to be completed by 1st January, 1912. It will open up the interior of Brazil and Bolivia, and is one of the most important in South America. It is confidently expected that one of the stations on the Estate will become the distributing centre for the trade of this great territory. This should result in townships springing up, and quickly increase the value of the Estates.

Climate.—The climate is uniform, the mean temperature being about 80 deg. F., while the annual rainfall is from 80 to 120 inches.

Labour.—According to the reports, ample labour is available, and it is generally contracted for at Manaos, Para, and Pernambuco. Owing to the closeness of the Estates to Bolivia, ample labour can be obtained from that country.

Rubber.—Mr. Anderson reports that the Estates consist largely of virgin forest abounding in Para (Hevea) Rubber Trees and Caucho (Gutta Percha), and that three fully-grown and tappable Para trees per acre for one-half of the total area (which is equal to over 1,000,000 trees), is an extremely conservative estimate. Mr. Moerbeck reports most favourably as to the great value of the Estates, and the large production of Rubber obtainable, stating that "these Properties contain an enormous number of Rubber and Gutta Percha Trees whose products can be collected all the year round."

Consul W. A. Churchill states:—"The richest zones at present known are along the banks of the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Here 100 trees yield as much as one ton of Rubber per annum, equal to 22 to 24 lbs. of Rubber per tree."—("Kew Bulletin," Series 7, page 86.) The estimates below have been taken on the basis of only one quarter of that production per tree.

The Estates are situate in the district which is the centre and source of the valuable "Hevea" Rubber trees, which are indigenous to the forests of Brazil, whence they have been introduced into other parts of the world.

As will be seen from the Reports, the cost of collection of the Rubber, including Export Duty, Freight and general charges, is estimated at 2s. 10½d. per lb., delivered in London, which should be materially reduced when the Company is working on a large scale, with an efficient and organised system of collection, and with the improved railway facilities.

Estimate of Profits.—The Estates have already been developed to the extent of opening up 700 estradas or paths, giving access to 105,000 trees, and profits for the first year are estimated at over £82,000, taking the selling price at only 5s. per lb. This production should be obtained from working only about one-tenth part of the Estates. It is intended to open up additional paths as soon as possible, thereby increasing the profits.

The following estimates are based upon the Reports above referred to:—

	No. of Estradas Working.	Rubber Production in lbs.	Cost of Production, including Export Duty.	Selling Price per lb.	Profit per lb.	Total Revenue	Expenses.	Net Profit.
First year	700	771,400	2/10¾	5/-	2/1¼	£192,850	£109,990	£82,860
Second year	1,200	1,322,400	2/9½	4/6	1/8½	297,540	185,284	112,256
Third Year	1,700	1,873,400	2/8½	4/-	1/3½	374,680	246,505	128,175
Fourth year	2,200	2,424,400	2/7½	3/9	1/1½	454,575	311,926	142,649

The quality of Rubber is the best fine Para, and one man, under good conditions, should bring in 500 kilos (1,140 lbs.) of Rubber during the season. It should be especially noted that the price of Rubber is taken for the first year at 5s. per lb., and reduced to 3s. 9d. per lb., whereas the present price is about 12s. per lb. A large additional profit should also be made from Gutta Percha, the collection of which it is proposed to undertake on a large scale.

The world's output of Rubber in 1909 is estimated at 70,000 tons, of which almost 40,000 tons came from Brazil, the total production of wild Rubber being about 90 per cent. of the whole supply.

Valuation.—Mr. Anderson states that the usual Government valuation of Para Rubber Trees is £1 per tree, but that allowing for all contingencies, and on the most conservative basis, he values the Para Trees at only 8s. per tree, equal to a value of not less than £400,000 for the two Estates.

Working Capital.—100,000 Shares of the present issue will be available for Working Capital, and the payment of the expenses after-mentioned and 25,000 Shares are reserved for future issue, subject to the terms of the option after-mentioned, the proceeds of which will be available for additional Working Capital.

Purchase Consideration.—Under Contract (3) below referred to, the B. and B. Estates, Limited, 1 and 2, Broad Street Avenue, E.C. (the Vendors to and Promoters of the Company), have agreed to sell to the Company the above-mentioned Estates for the sum of £375,000, payable as to £160,000 in fully-paid shares, £90,000 in cash, and the balance in cash or shares at the option of the Directors. Under the same contract the B. and B. Estates, Limited, also agree to underwrite 150,000 Shares of the present issue for a cash commission of 6 per cent., and an over-riding commission of 1½ per cent. on the total amount underwritten, such commission to be paid by the Company.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application can be obtained at the offices of the Company, or from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors

Dated 30th April, 1910

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

AN EDINBURGH FIRM OF EMPLOYERS.

We hope there are not many tradesmen in Edinburgh whose views of relations between masters and servants are those of Messrs. Forsyth, Ltd., Outfitters, of Princes Street. Messrs. Forsyth had in their employment a girl as a machinist, and they sued her for 14s. as damages for injuries sustained by them through her omission to give them a week's notice of her intention to leave their employment. The girl's defence was that she did not consider that Messrs. Forsyth had any claim against her, because on two occasions, some weeks previous to her leaving permanently, she had been informed that owing to slackness of trade her services would be temporarily dispensed with. On the first occasion she was away for a week, and on the second, with only a few hours warning, she lost another week's work. Not unnaturally she thought that having got other employment upon which she was required at once she might leave without notice. If her employers could suspend her time and again without notice, and for no fault of her own, it was only fair that she in turn should be able to leave them without notice. This was evidently the Sheriff's opinion. Anyway, it is pretty mean of a big outfitting firm to sue a poor girl for damages because she, in the matter of leaving their employment, had treated them as they had treated her.

SWANSEA WOMEN AND WORKS' DOCTORS

Our attention has been directed to a case tried in the Civil Court of the Glamorgan Assizes, held at Cardiff recently, in which David Lewis, an engine-driver, employed at the Cwmfelin Tinplate Works, claimed damages for alleged negligence from Dr. Hubert Thomas and Dr. R. J. Farman, the works' doctor and his assistant respectively. The plaintiff swore that he felt ill, and a few days afterwards went to Dr. Farman's surgery, when the doctor told him he "had a lot of wind about him and that he must get up and move about." On a subsequent occasion the doctor told him it was a nice day and advised him to go out. He did so and became unconscious. He then called in another doctor who found him to be suffering from pleurisy, and took away three pints of fluid from his chest. In the course of his evidence on behalf of the defendants a Swansea medical man said that a man attended by a works' doctor was not entitled to as efficient attendance as one attended by a private doctor. It is not surprising that Mr. Justice Pickford, who tried the case, commented upon this remarkable opinion, and although he felt called upon to say that he "hardly thought" that the doctor meant what he said, if he did mean it he was "entirely wrong. If a medical man takes a post as works' doctor he must apply his skill just as if he were attending private patients." In the end the jury found for the plaintiff with £125 damages.

In connection with this case a Swansea workman writes to us as follows —

> We are all compelled to pay 1s. a month to these doctors, even though we wish to employ other doctors, which many cannot afford to do. A petition was sent in to the manager, a short time ago, signed by over 400 of their workmen, for their money not to be kept back for these doctors, but no notice was taken of it, just because these doctors are personal friends of the manager, and the men are afraid to do anything as they might be told they would not be wanted again. I should like to ask you if you would like a dog to have the treatment which has been given to this poor fellow, who has been damaged for life.

There may be something to be said on the other side, but on the face of it our correspondent's complaint seems warranted.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

Excursion Ticket.—B. P. (Paddington).—Your statement is a very extraordinary one. Of course you had the right to use the return half of the ticket if you had paid for the whole ticket, even if you had not used the first half of it. Why not have torn off the first part?

Employment Agreement.—H. J. W. (Blackburn).—As there was no definite agreement with you, you have no redress.

House Duty.—Resister (Bath).—You can appeal against the assessment by applying to the surveyor of taxes.

Commission Account.—J. J. H. (Long Acre).—Unless you agreed to allow such deductions from your account the firm is not entitled to make them. You should inform them that your commission must be paid in full.

Right to Vote.—Ferrzehat.—As long as the rates are paid on the house the fact that you pay no rent does not affect the matter, and you are entitled to have a vote as an occupier.

Income Tax.—A. G. (Rochester).—You are not entitled to any abatement for income tax in respect of the allowance you make to your mother.

Joint Shares.—Pater.—On the death of one of the two joint holders of shares, the shares pass to the survivor. Companies are put in the same position in this respect as individuals by the Bodies Corporate Joint Tenancy Act, 1899.

Open Letter to John Bull.

Dear John,

You are a good fellow when you are awake, but you *do* take a lot of waking up. You are always giving away to the foreigner money that could be far better spent at home. Take Shaving Soap, for instance. How many shaving sticks does the foreigner sell you in a year; yet all the while the *best* is the British-made "Erasmic" Shaving Stick. Come now, John, do something for the flag. Money refunded if you are not satisfied. Could anything be fairer?

Trial Sample of "Erasmic" Shaving Stick, two penny stamps.

Yours truly,
"ERASMIC."

The Erasmic Co., Ltd.,
Warrington.

IF you have not tried a QUARTER-SIZE collar, do so now.

'Summits' are made in quarter-sizes—four sizes to the inch: you choose a size to fit your shirtband snugly and securely, and to stay so all day. ¶ Write for the 'Summit' booklet, now.

The shape illustrated is Summit 35

SIX *for Three shillings*: samples 6½d.: we pay postage.

Depths 1½in., 1¾in., 2in. and in all sizes.

AUSTIN REED

Three CITY shops:
13 Fenchurch Street
5 St. Mary Axe
157a Cheapside · LONDON

107

THE JOHN BULL LEAGUE.

President—Horatio Bottomley, Esq., M.P.

Objects: To stamp out Cant and Self-Righteousness; to abolish Cranks and Killjoys; to create a robust and self-reliant Public Opinion; and to promote a Common Sense, Business Government for a Common Sense, Business People.

THE NEWCASTLE MEETING.

An enthusiastic audience of some four thousand persons welcomed the President at Newcastle, on Friday last, the great Town Hall being crowded and many would-be auditors being unable to obtain admission.

Mr. Donaldson Spark opened the proceedings with a fine rendering of the "League Song," Mr. A. Brown Thompson (who had beguiled the time of waiting with an able recital) accompanying on the grand organ.

The President, who was enthusiastically received, explained the objects of the League to a thoroughly interested audience. After his experience in the House of Commons and in the editorial chair of a popular journal, he was convinced of the necessity of making men and women realise that a great deal of the old Party systems—whether in the political, or the religious or the social world—were out of date, and that it was time we were grown-up—that people should think for themselves, act for themselves, and let go of the apron-strings of the State.

His powerful indictment was eagerly followed and heartily appreciated, the necessity for such a League in the religious and social worlds being strikingly illustrated with local allusions, which much delighted his hearers. As was to be expected, a reference to the exposure of the German crane scandal evoked particularly enthusiastic applause.

The great success of the meeting was due in no slight degree to the able and energetic efforts of our Local Secretaries, Mr. W. Balmer, Jun., and Mr. W. N. Rice, and a band of stewards too numerous to name.

The *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* says:—"Mr. Bottomley, who was received with great enthusiasm, said he had come up to Newcastle that night to expound the objects of the League. Hard-headed North-countrymen would say, 'What, another League!' but he thought it was a necessary one. It was one which would take a short cut through every other organisation, applying the one test of common sense to all the problems of the day and to oppose cant and self-righteousness. It was time they began to think for themselves, and not leave the thinking to politicians."

The *North Mail*, in its report of the meeting, says:—"Mr. Bottomley set himself to remove the scales of party prejudice from the eyes of his audience. There was continuous laughter as he carefully explained the daily routine in the House of Commons. 'It is a case of talk, talk, talk,' Mr. Bottomley went on, 'until the common sense business man is sick of the whole business.'"

The *Northern Echo* says:—"Standing four-square to face any and every political breeze, a sturdy, thick-set figure, Mr. Horatio Bottomley, M.P., editor of John Bull, last night addressed a big meeting in the Newcastle Town Hall. He lectured kings and prelates, princes and politicians alike, charging all with business incompetence, and urged the necessity of sending business men—such as himself, for instance—to Parliament."

SHEFFIELD BRANCH.

The President's speech at the recent Albert Hall meeting here has greatly enhanced the popularity of the League locally, which is shown by the membership increasing by leaps and bounds. The League Song has become quite popular and badges are to be seen on all sides.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO MEMBERS.

Pending the completion of our Local Registers, we shall be glad if members will make a point of at once communicating with the nearest Local Secretary, giving him their names and addresses. In this way he will be able to keep in close touch with them. A full list of Local Secretaries was published in John Bull of April 9th.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

The Secretary, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

Please enrol me as a Member of the John Bull League.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

VINE AND GENERAL RUBBER TRUST.

There are a good many people that say that the rubber boom is over. More probably the present is merely a breathing space, but let that pass. The fact remains beyond dispute that the rubber producing industry is in its infancy, and shrewd men, who see through and beyond ephemeral popularity, are as busy as ever in the search for new sources of supply capable of competing with the older sources.

It has been said, and said truly, that plantation rubber's principal advantage, when capital costs and other matters are taken into consideration, rests upon the uncertainty of wild vine rubber production, and the inefficient means employed in the collection of the rubber itself, which, incompetently and carelessly handled, comes out dirty and of relatively low value. This being so, clever brains set to work to devise means for securing what was lacking—(1) systematic collection, and (2) proper preparation] of the latex. A tremendous stride in this direction was made when M. Leon Guiguet perfected his now famous and fully-tried machine for extracting rubber from the bark of the rubber vine, which grows wild, notably in Madagascar, Nyassa, and other parts of tropical Africa. There is no doubt at all that scientific attack upon the rubber vine opens up an entirely new phase of an industry of enormous and growing importance, and the Vine and General Rubber Trust, Limited, which is about to offer for subscription 500,000 10 per cent. participating preference shares of £1 each (part of a total capital of £1,250,000), has been formed with the wide powers of a Rubber and Industrial Trust, but with the particular object of exercising those powers in connection with forest areas where rubber vines occur in their natural state in large quantities. It seems probable that if the Guiguet machine works as satisfactorily in all the African Forests, some of the largest South African magnates will seriously interest themselves in the enormous areas in which Rubber Vines abound. The Trust takes in hand negotiations which are far advanced, and which are likely to result in the floating of two or more large subsidiary Companies in the near future; and as it becomes possessed of an option over the patent rights of the Guiguet machinery, its possibilities are enormous. One of the present attractions of its subsidiaries (and, therefore, of itself) is the fact that there is no long and dreary waiting for trees to attain the tappable age. The vines are there ready to be dealt with, and they regrow and are ready to cut again in six or eight years, while the profitable nature of the Guiguet treatment is, as we have said, a matter of practical demonstration, not of surmise and hope. The trust has in it all the elements which make for permanent prosperity on a high scale.

OUR PRIVATE THEATRE.

LITTLE PLAYS WITH TOPICAL PLOTS.

By Richard Morton.

THE LAST OF THE LORDS—A TRAGEDY IN ONE SCENE.

Period.—*Some years hence.* Scene.—*Exterior of the Palace of Westminster. By the entrance to the abolished House of Lords sits, tailor-wise,* Lord Dunno, *a very old gentleman with white, flowing hair and beard. Around him are displayed drawings in coloured chalks of such interesting objects as mice in traps, slices of salmon, rashers of bacon, and lighted candles, with various inscriptions, "All my own work; done on the rough stones;" "Pity the Poor Peer;" "Too proud to steal, I scorn to beg;" "Many can help one," etc.*

Lord Dunno: I am the Last of the Lords, Baron Dunno of Doo-Littel, though men forget these dignities of mine and call me Methuselah, for I am a hundred and ten years old. In my childhood a witch prophesied that I should live to see this day, if I should live long enough, but I heeded not the ancient crone, nor troubled aught of the future until Lord Raspberry first applied the axe of reform to the root of the family tree, and, after that, all was chaos and confusion; in fact, things were in a deuce of a mix. The hereditary principle has been abolished, and hereditary want of principle established in its stead. The Perpetual Labour Government forbade the eldest son of a peer to succeed to the title, but the Act was badly drafted, and the second son succeeded instead. It was necessary to find a way out of that mess, so they next ordained that peers of the realm should have no sons at all; all their children must be daughters. Such was the doom of the peerage; small wonder, then, that the race died out, and I, only I, am left. But, alas! my days are numbered!

The Speaker (*who overhears him in passing*): And a very good number they are, too, considering your years are a hundred and ten. I can't stay to do the sum, as the Commons—we call them the Short Commons now, because we have a new Parliament every six months—have just elected the new Prime Minister.

Lord Dunno: What care I? The Gilded Chamber is now a Free Living Picture Gallery, Palace Yard is a Free Skating Rink, and the roof of the House has been flattened to provide Free Platforms for Free Aeroplanes.

The Speaker: You have no cause to grumble. Parliament has given you this site for your pavement pictures, instead of driving you into the Free Labour Yard or the Free Workhouse. But I was going to tell you something funny. John Smith has been elected Prime Minister for the third time, and his father was Prime Minister three times also. The people are beginning to murmur. They say the hereditary principle has been resurrected. (*Exit.*)

[*Enter* John Smith *in a hurry. He treads on one of Lord Dunno's rashers of bacon and comes a cropper.*

John Smith (*rising*): Old man, you should not draw so true to nature. You might have broken the neck of England's Premier!

Lord Dunno: That voice! Those eyes! That nose! Tell me, John Smith, hast thou a wart on the back of thy neck, where the collar stud touches?

John Smith: I hast.

Lord Dunno: Hadst thy father a ditto?

John Smith: He hadst.

Lord Dunno: Then come to my arms. I am thy long-lost grandfather, and thou art my newly-found grandson. No wonder the hereditary principle has broken out in you. It was in your blood. You are the future Baron Dunno of Doo-Littel, and heir-presumptive to the family estates.

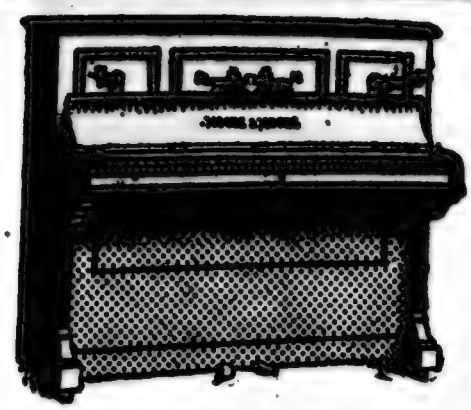
John Smith: Family estates—twelve feet by three against this wall when the weather is fine! A brave inheritance, I don't think! Thanks! I would rather be leader of the Hard Labour Party.

Lord Dunno: Ungrateful boy. Go, then, to thy doom. I see it approaching.

John Smith: Ha! (*He has no time to say more, for at that moment a man in an acroplane drops a bomb on his head. It explodes.*)

The Man: Thus is the hereditary principle abolished once again!

(*Scene closes in as the Commons proceed to elect a Prime Ministress in the place of the dismembered Member, and Lord Dunno starts to draw another rasher of bacon.*)



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is the complaint of many a rider who finds his £12 12s. mount practically a replica of the £5 5s. Model of the same make. If only those desirous of purchasing *good* cycles would realise how improbable it is that several qualities can come from one factory, they would buy Sunbeams and save themselves much mortification.—Why Sunbeams? Because Sunbeams are built where no bicycles cheaper than £12. 12s. are made.

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The boots supplied come "direct" from the factory and are posted "direct" to you. They are carefully packed and despatched UNDER PLAIN LABEL, post free to your door.

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No. 1617.—Box Calf Boot, 8/6.—Splendid Box Calf Uppers, straight golosh, no outside seam, unbreakable jockey back, toecapped (as illustrated), best linen lined, specially selected, hard wearing solid leather sole, sewn. Best make and finish throughout.

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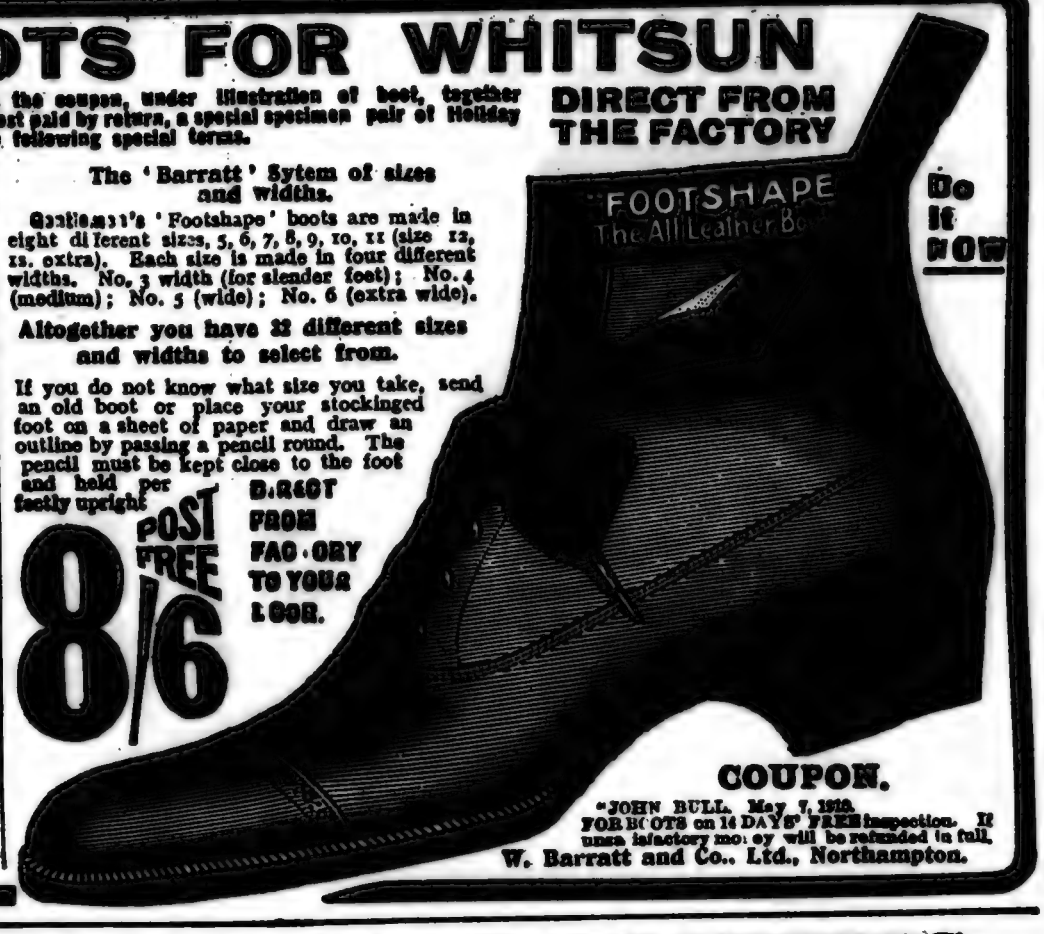

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cannot burn your tongue, *cannot* fill your mouth or the pipe-bowl with moisture or nicotine. The "Masta" patent prevents all that. Everybody can enjoy a "Masta" even if they cannot smoke an ordinary pipe.

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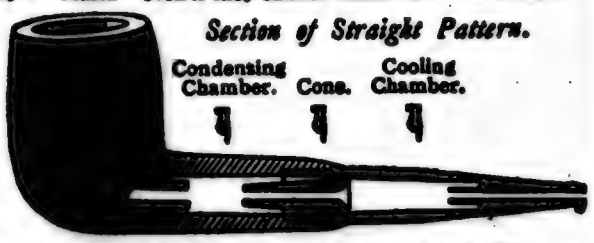

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FOR BILIOUS AND LIVER COMPLAINTS.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

By Mrs. Bull.

History Frocks.

It almost seems as though the now intense enthusiasm for historial pageants—last year, the Church Pageant, and this year the Military and Imperial Pageants—would bid fair to alter all the fashions to the splendid simplicity of mediæval days. Certainly the signs are not wanting that certain Saxon and Norman effects are deliberately aimed at in many of the new dress designs. For instance, the "seamless" bodice, or Princess robe cut in "seamless" fashion at the shoulders and bust, is entirely Saxon, especially when made in dim Art serges, cloths or Shantungs, and coarsely hand-embroidered at the top and hem, as so many are now being shown. Except that the under-sleeves are of lace or net and are worn fitting, not hanging, the wearer might have come off a historic tapestry to all appearance. The "coat of mail" net, in dull silvers and metal colourings, now forming a jersey-like cuirass to some of the more daring evening gowns is, of course, Norman, and the beaded and jewelled gauze scarves are also of that origin. The other day I saw a cream evening frock with a long, closely-woven cuirass coming well below the hips of a fine silk lattice-meshed guipure, rather like coarse Maltese lace in texture, the skirt, composed of a thick fringe of silk strands, having exactly the appearance of the lattice guipure come unravelled. The fringe was mounted on an under-skirt of cream satin, and every strand terminated in a tiny pearl tassel. The elbow sleeves were, woven in with the silk jersey—one can call it no other name—and they, too, were edged with the fringe and pearls. There is in my recollection a portrait of the mediæval Spanish dancer from which this dress must have been practically copied. A slight, dark girl with a rose in her hair would be beautiful in it, but can one be sure that the historic sense is strong enough in all of us to enable us to select our own period?

"When to Stop."

To how few modern women is given the capacity for reticence—I do not merely mean reticence of speech, though that is becoming rarer, but rather the delicate sense of how far to go and no farther in dress, in hair-dressing, and in social freedom which is so curiously attractive a trait in Frenchwomen. I mean, of course, the French aristocrat, or bourgeoise aristocrat, not the blatant being who flaunts in all colours of the rainbow at Ostend in August, and who calls herself Parisienne. As a nation we seem to be losing our old-time personal dignity in dress matters, and taking up every possible or impossible exaggeration which strikes our fancy in a fashion journal. I am the life-long and determined opponent of frumps myself, but I am also a believer in the divine dignity of beauty, and to see a lovely human form disguised so utterly and so completely as it often is by absurd caricatures of present fashions makes me sad indeed. To anyone who loves a large hat how maddening it is to behold a being with one which has practically ceased to be a hat and has become a cape; at all events, it reaches nearly to her waist at the back. Then, again, to one who loves the full-dressed filleted hair of the old Greek models how sorrowful a thing it is to see a friend's head one bird's nest of fillets, curls, puffs, plaits, switches, and little butterfly bows, when any single one of these adornments would have made her head a thing of classic beauty, used alone. And this desperate exaggeration of a cult, this utter lack of the sense of fitness of things, invades social customs most of all. Alas! alas! to see some of the matrons of to-day rinking! Rinking while their small households go to ruin; rinking, while their children are plodding away at school; rinking while their husbands are away in the City earning the money for them to spend on it. And all because they think it is "the thing"; not because they very particularly like it. A chance is coming for a new social sect of Personal Puritans. Only even that isn't safe either. It will be caricatured too!

Vanishing Husbands.

One hears so much discussion about divorce for the poor just now that it is interesting to hear the point of view of some of the very poor women themselves on the subject. For there is no doubt that when a genuine slum couple find that they cannot possibly agree together, they rarely dream of even a magistrate's separation order; they simply what they call "slope." "Are you a widow?" enquires an enterprising investigator of social tangles. "Not 'arf," is the unmoved reply, uttered dreamily; "'E sloped fifteen years ago. Now the boys earn money 'e'll be walking in one of these fine days," she added, also quite philosophically. One old woman told me that her husband departed in this manner eighteen years ago. "But, thank the Lord, he left his clock," she added, "and that's better company than ever he was on the whole. Only it don't carry in the coals. I will say he did that." Such philosophers as these would hardly keep the wolf from that Divorce Court door, I'm thinking! It is a very old story. You may want to right the "wrongs," as you call them, of your poorer brethren, ever so. The only thing that prevents your doing so is not the tyranny of the rich, the cruelty of the social order, or the difficulty of reaching them, but their own serene, enthusiastic, whole-hearted cynicism.

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In tins, 6d., 1/- & 1/6; sprinkler jars. 1/- nett. For Free sample send 1d. stamp to F. C. Calvert & Co. (J. B. Dept.), Manchester.

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WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

See page ii. of Cover.

HUDSONS' CONSOLIDATED, LTD.

Rubber and Oil Profits—Two Issues Shortly.

INTERIM DIVIDEND DECLARED.

The statutory general meeting was held at the Holborn Restaurant, London, Mr. Joseph Brailsford presiding. The notice convening the meeting having been read, the chairman in submitting the statutory accounts, stated that the meeting was a purely formal one, but he was glad to be able to give particulars of the progress made since the Company's successful re-organisation. Technically, of course, this was a new company, but as a matter of actual fact it was simply a re-organisation of the old Hudsons' Consolidated, a steady, progressive and successful business, which had been carried on for some years past. The increased financial resources made the amount of business done larger than during the corresponding period of last year, and profits had been made from Rubber and Oil investments.

A New Rubber Issue.—The Company were now devoting attention to what they believed to be a valuable freehold plantation. The details furnished from a reliable source showed that the properties were within 8 miles of a railroad and had 700,000 Manicoba Rubber Trees planted. Of these 150,000 had already been tapped; 300,000 trees would come into bearing in the course of the next year, while 250,000 trees were from 1 to 2 years old. On a very low estimate, 150,000 lbs. of Rubber should be obtained during the present season. The cost of collecting the Rubber, including shipment, it was said, would not exceed 1s. 6d. per lb., and permitted a large profit. It was proposed to plant 800,000 additional trees, making 1,500,000 in all, the gradually increasing output each year more than making up for any decrease in the value of the Rubber. A Company was shortly to be issued with 2s. shares, payable 1s. on application and 1s. on allotment.

An Oil Issue.—The directors had not lost sight of the effect that the recently large Admiralty order for 100,000 tons of oil fuel, for the British Navy, was likely to have upon oil investments. Petroleum mining was now one of the important industries of the day. The new Company would shortly acquire rights over an area of nearly 200 square miles, with five producing wells and an established refinery capable of handling 10,000 gallons per day. Before the business was taken in hand by the Company £42,000 had been expended. New wells of larger diameter were also to be sunk, and the directors were advised that the output of only one "spouter" was likely to be many times 10,000 gallons per day, with proportionately increased profits. Pre-emption rights for requirements by the Government had been retained, and with the large local demand should make this business one of the safest and best industrial investments with which the Company could desire to be associated. It was estimated that with the output of 10,000 gallons of oil per day, 300 days in the year, at a profit of only 4d. per gallon, a very low estimate, the new Company would earn £50,000 per annum. Whilst promising to the general public a fair *pro rata* allotment in both the new Rubber and Oil Companies, the directors, he stated, would reserve a certain proportion of shares for their own shareholders, and anyone interested could obtain particulars by application to the Company at 3, Lombard Street, E.C.

Mexican Mining Interests.—Most valuable assets had been acquired for the Company in this country, but to describe them all in detail was too lengthy a task. The chairman mentioned the large share-holding in the Barranca Mines, a company which is now entering the producing stage. Also, the half interest, approximately, in 17 mines in Sonora, lately controlled by a group of capitalists associated with the Bank of Sonora. Recently a substantial interest had been secured in a £40,000 company, formed to acquire the claims adjoining and south of a famous producing mine. The capital was over-subscribed even before registration was effected, and this interest alone is expected to yield a large return.

Interim Dividend Declared.—Referring to the accounts, the Company was desirous as far as possible of maintaining the custom of its predecessor, and make up its accounts to the end of June, with the annual meeting and the final dividend in the month of October. With this object the accounts would be closed in accordance with this usage, although actually a period of six months only, and thenceforward the financial year would be from June to June. The old Company was in the habit of declaring an interim dividend in May, and he believed they could continue to do the same. He then announced that the Company proposed paying immediately an interim dividend of 5 per cent., although only three months had elapsed since commencing business. The dividend would therefore be payable at the same time as the old shareholders had been in the habit of receiving their interim dividend, and to them the present amount was equivalent to 15 per cent. upon their old holding, and therefore was more favourable for them than the interim 10 per cent. paid last year.

Pat. Sept. 25th 1895.

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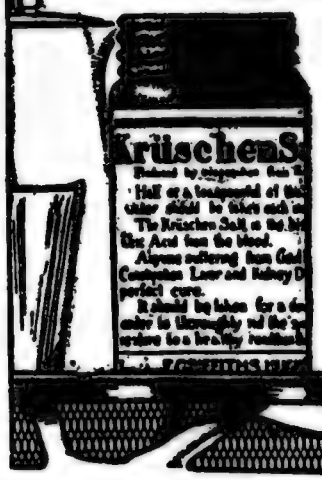
during the spring of the year you should cleanse your system, purify your blood, and clear your brain by a course of

KRÜSCHEN SALTS

an old-fashioned simple remedy for all liver and kidney troubles.



Dose.—A half-teaspoonful every morning in a tumbler of hot water before rising.

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Cure all kinds of Throat Affections, Tickling and Troublesome Coughs, Hoarseness, etc. Pleasant to take and prompt to cure. Packed in tins, 7½d. and 1s. 1½d. each. Of all chemists, or on receipt of price direct from

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THE DRAMA OF TO-DAY.

By M. Clement Scott.

H. B. Irving as "Louis XI."

H. B. Irving's "Louis XI." must be numbered amongst the most famous in theatrical history. On Saturday night this actor was at his very best, and it would have been difficult to know whether to applaud the most the supreme nervous energy—the suppressed rage bursting from every pore, half-hidden by the hypocritical religious cant of the hated king as he begs on his knees to the priest to let him live—or the remarkable effect Harry Irving creates as he hobbles and shuffles a lank, lean figure of half-dry and dead bones about the stage of the Queen's Theatre.

Comparisons will naturally be drawn between the performance of Henry Irving *pere* and Henry Irving *fils*, but I, who have been lucky enough to have seen both, can say honestly that save for a few subtle touches of that extraordinarily quick change from artifice to nature missing here and there, young Henry presents a splendid fac-simile of his father, and everybody "in the know" is aware that Casimir Delavigne and Dion Boucicault's "Louis XI." was one of Irving's most powerful and pitilessly realistic studies of the wicked, crafty, cowardly old King of France.

One genuine thrill, however, I did miss. And that occurs in the death scene, where Louis, supposed to be dead, in the Throne Room, his robes of pale blue velvet embroidered with the golden fleur-de-lys hanging in loose disorder about him, suddenly revives and sees his son—the Dauphin—with the crown upon his head.

Never shall I forget the throb of excitement I experienced as slowly the King, feeling for his crown, and realising that it was no longer on his own brow, but on that of his son, stretched out his long, half-dead arm, and gripping the boy by the shoulder with his clammy hand, turned the lad white with terror by the reproachful glance from his dull, death-glazed eyes. I don't know whether it was Irving's conception or that of his predecessor, Charles Kean, but it was a most artistic bit of inspiration, and H. B. would do well to make use of it, unless, indeed, he has intentionally omitted it.

I almost forget who played the Duc de Nemours when I saw the revival at the Lyceum, but I rather think it was George Alexander, and Kate Phillips who took the part of Martha—the first-named, now being excellently played by that "coming to the front" actor Eille Norwood, and the second by Rosina Filippi.

Marie de Coulines has only to look sweet to be sympathetic, and to wear gracefully clinging gowns; so it is needless to say that Dorothea Bird does not find it difficult to please her crowd of admirers, but—and I'm sure she'll forgive me when I venture to tell her with all due respect, the royal floral emblem of France is not pronounced as though it were written *Fleur-de-Lee* but *Fleur-de-Leese*.

The grim old tragedy was welcomed with an enthusiasm that it did one's heart good to listen to, and at the finale there were such boisterous shouts for "Speech, speech, speech," that I readily fancied old Father Time had put back the hands of his clock, and I was once more sitting in the old Lyceum Theatre listening to the plaudits so intimately associated with Henry Irving in the good old days.

"Madame Sans-Gene."

Rejane has changed her programme for her three remaining weeks at the Hippodrome, and is now appearing in an act of Sardou's version of "Madame Sans-Gene" which affords Madame Rejane the very least opportunities for any display of her brilliant talents. It is a mistake anyway for an artist, however great, to think an audience can suddenly be amused by being plunged without any context into a mere fraction of a play without head or tail to it, and sandwiched in perhaps between a turn of a couple of acrobats, and a Russian singer or dancer. "Lolotte" was a one-act piece with a beginning and end to it. Why didn't Rejane have a compressed version of "Sans-Gene" done for her? It would have succeeded admirably I feel sure, and could have been so easily managed. Why didn't John Raphael suggest this to Paris's greatest commedienne, eh?

POPULARISING THE ARMY.

A JOURNALIST'S EXPERIENCE.

Here is a letter from one of our readers:—

Owing to lack of employment I was compelled to enlist in the Special Reserve, and after doing five months' training I was sent back to civil life. I was again without employment, and now, after nearly four months, I have obtained a fairly good position on a local journal. A few days ago I received an order from my adjutant commanding me to join my regiment for annual training, which will last about six weeks. I cannot possibly obtain leave for such a period, and my only alternative is to pay £3, the price of my discharge, a sum which I do not possess at this moment. When Mr. Haldane put his scheme before the House, he said that it would be of great assistance to the unemployed, but I think you will agree with me that it is giving something with one hand and taking it away with the other.

All Nervous Troubles are Cured by Electricity.

A Few Facts of Vital Importance to Sufferers.

Under the heading of "Nervous Diseases," there are a great many simple complaints which baffle ordinary medical science, and for which some sufferers consider there is no remedy. They may have tried a rest, a change, or a sea voyage, after vainly trying a number of "prescriptions," but on their return the trouble was there the same as ever, and despair thus takes the place of hope. To think that such troubles are not curable is a false opinion. There is a cure for all nervous troubles—a complete and permanent cure. It is electricity. Why? Because the nerve energy of the body is nothing more nor less than electrical force. That is what is lacking, and any sensible person will agree that if it is restored a cure results.

The most common complaints of the nervous system are Neurasthenia, Insomnia, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Locomotor Ataxy, Epilepsy, Chorea (St. Vitus' Dance), and what is usually termed "Nervous Breakdown." Who has not seen the man rendered unfit for work by one or more of these troubles? He is not alone in his misery, for he drags down with him all those who depend upon him for maintenance. The neurasthenic person is constantly in fear of some impending danger; the victim of Insomnia is deprived of Nature's great restorative; Paralysis and Locomotor Ataxy render the sufferer helpless; the poor neuralgia victim suffers the agony of excruciating pain, while Epilepsy and Chorea are even worse—they make life one continual torment. These are all nervous complaints, and they can all be cured by electricity.

The list of doctors who use and strongly advocate electricity for nervous affections is a long one. Some of the most important are Dr. Erb, claimed by many to be the greatest authority on nervous diseases in the world; Dr. Vigoureux, who has performed some wonderful cures of Neurasthenia; Dr. Morton, Prince, Dr. Hughes Bennett, Dr. Rockwell, Dr. Millican, Dr. Riggs, Dr. Dawson Turner, Dr. M'Farlane, Dr. Beresford Ryley, Dr. Bardet, of Paris; Drs. Stewart and Lawrence, Dr. Percy Boulton, Dr. Russell Reynolds, Dr. Tunmer, Dr. Tibbits, Dr. Onimus, Dr. Beard, and many others. Most of these physicians are the authors of well-known standard works, and the development of medical science is due greatly to their untiring efforts. They all use electricity extensively, and with grand results.

Prof. Edgar Larkin, discussing "The New Physiology," says—"The trend of science is towards electricity on all sides. Life, force and mind are intimately related to it. All animals are merely electrical machines. A man, mind and body, is a battery, and nerves correspond to wires. The word health now means a normal supply of electricity in the body, and the word disease means an insufficiency of that power." Here is food for serious thought. Why use medicine when you know there is no medicine that will restore nerve energy? Doctors will tell you that all scientific works are full of such opinions. Successful results are due to electricity—hundreds are being cured by it, while those who persist in adhering to the old methods are even becoming worse.

The most convincing facts that can be presented are results. Here are two cases. One is Mr. W. Moat, 10, Tennyson Terrace, North Shields, who writes:—"I have found the battery entirely satisfactory, and it is still in good order. I am quite satisfied with it." The other report is from Mr. Fred Saunders, 125, Lothian Road, Edinburgh, as follows:—"I had taken great quantities of drugs without effect, but since I have had the battery I have done without these, and have felt much better in health. It has cured me of Insomnia with which I had been previously greatly troubled." There are thousands of such cases that the battery has cured, among which were many that had been given up as hopeless.

The "Ajax" Dry-Cell Body Battery will cure the most obstinate cases of such complaints. It is a departure from the old methods—an entirely new means. An interesting book of eighty pages tells all about it, and how it is done. It is full of interesting facts, and free to all who write for it. A post-card or a letter sent to The British Electric Institute (Depart. 41), 25, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., will bring it at once in a plain, sealed envelope. All advice is free. This new method has been awarded the "Science Siftings" Certificate of Merit, and the Grand Prix and Gold Medal at the International Exhibition.

OUR SPECIAL MARKET REPORTS.

By A. Hunter.

Sugar.—Cane and beet continue firm, but may be expected to receive little attention, especially in Sussex.

Rice.—The market for cleaned on the spot dull, thanks to the substitution of confetti.

Butter.—The market is still strong with a tendency to become still more so should the weather continue mild.

Eggs.—A good demand is eggspected owing to the coming Elections.

Cheese.—English moves slowly, but a great animation continues to prevail in Limbourger and Gorgonzola. Generally, high tone pervades market.

Oil.—Palm oil generally in great request. Fusel lively. Neck, ditto.

Bacon.—Gammon in steady demand. Hocks to the fore. Irish (home-cured) green side shoulder to shoulder. Short cuts to long backs and clear bellies in slightly improved request. Big-hams withdrawn.

Canned Goods.—A more Trustful feeling pervades. Dried tongues (after a good night's soaking) are passing off with more spirit.

Green Fruit.—Oranges (bloods) lively. Bananas display an upward tendency. Onions show no sign of weakness.

Corn.—Lively on the spot. Hops and beans brisk. Young blades promising, in due order, mustard, tares, wild oats, rape and hemp-seed.

Dried Fruit.—Plums scarce, but there have been a good many sales of sultanas, dark to fair.

An Oil-producing Company with ample plant in a British Colony, A GOING CONCERN.

The Canadian Government pay a BOUNTY OF 52½ CENTS PER BARREL on all oil produced in the Dominion and marketed.

The Subscription List is now open, and will close on or before Thursday, the 5th day of May, 1910, for Town, and Friday, the 6th day of May, 1910, for the Country.

So far as practicable, all applicants will receive an allotment.

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Of this issue, 23,000 Shares (the subscription of which is guaranteed) are set apart for Working Capital. 50,000 Shares in reserve are available for further development and extension of the Company's properties.

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See page ii. of Cover.

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BULL'S EYES.

Notes of Interrogation:—
Isn't Lord Kitchener the nation's "idle"?
Did Paulhan's success make White look Black?
Why not call him "Dinna McKenna"?
Will Sir Christopher Furness be "put out"?
Isn't Christie's an ex-pert firm now?
Who will be on top after the "Revolution"?
Isn't cigarette smoking in the Army but a light offence?
Haven't the cotton frauds given Liverpool the needle?
Will "The Parasites" get a hold on the public?
How many "big guns" have been "fired" at Woolwich lately?
Do they speak of it as the "Ah me!" Council now?

"£5 Divorce Suits," runs a heading. Misfits, of course.

Fox in a chimney, we read. Not the first brush to get there.

The very suggestion of a "fast" cure must touch every gourmand to the quick.

The *Daily Mirror* was soon backed with quick-silver.

"Lloyd George Again," says a placard. But to many he will be a loss.

Have the officers on a certain *Dreadnought* hearts of hoax?

£600 for Burns's desk, we read. But John's is worth more.

Grasso, the Sicilian actor, is just the man for a good plot.

"The French pig is the true lord and master of the highway," says Mr. H. C. Lafone. So is the English road-hog.

"The Devourers"—just published—is evidently a work of consuming interest.

"Whenever you find a man talking rot, you may know that he is perfectly happy," says Dion Clayton Calthrop. There must be more happiness about them than we suspected.

The headline, "Candle as Auctioneer," suggests that the buyers got, at least, a little light on the goods they were buying.

All Aboard won a race at Birmingham recently. No doubt it "got away" at once.

Mr. Winston Churchill says that the Labour Exchanges are finding work for nearly 5,000 persons a week. Does this include the officials?

The Morpeth magistrates have decided that it is not illegal for a cyclist to pass a vehicle on the near side. No, only idiotic.

"Beware of the Dog," a new book is titled. The story is evidently a caution.

The health of King Henry VIII. was drunk at a recent dinner, "owing to the fact that the toastmaster had mixed his history." We should think he had also mixed his drinks.

Elastic Earth, says Prof. Milne. Isn't this stretching it a bit?

That honeymoon trip in a balloon was a good idea. The couple could not afford to fall out.

"When Love Knocks" has just been published. Most girls prefer a ring.

M. Popoff has been flying at Cannes. What's in a name?

Is there a key to the political deadlock?

"The New Emigration: Exodus of Grit," runs a heading. Were they stony?

"We all come into the world musically equal," says Dr. J. Warriner. But some of us make more noise.

We read of large-scale conjuring. Doubtless this weighs in many pounds.

A recent prisoner had a great fear of finger prints. Perhaps Nature had given him the wrong tips.

After suffering in silence, it now appears that the strap-hangers will soon "let go."

Although the Liberals have been rubbing it in at Mid-Glamorgan, they had no need for Hartshorn.

The gardening season appeals to men in all stations.

"At present, party colours vary in all parts of the country," we read. Both sides seem to have the blues.

"The Church is not a railway station," says an Ealing vicar. But married life usually starts there.

A French magistrate who recently died weighed forty stone. His sentences must have been heavy.

We are told "it is easier to let houses in a road lined with trees." Some evidently prefer a shady neighbourhood.

Is it known in England that the new Commander-in-Chief in India, Sir O. Moore Creagh, is generally referred to as Sir No-More-K?

"One-day Courtship," we read. Short and sweet.

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GUINEA RAINCOAT for 35/.

The "Wetresista" is made with woollen-proofed cloth and possesses therefore a distinct advantage over ordinary cotton-proofed or rubber coats. In addition to being absolutely impervious to the heaviest downpour, it will always retain its shape and fit. Perfect in cut, cloth and finish.

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GREAT REPORTS FROM ROYAL ALBERT HALL DEMONSTRATION.

Test This Wonderful Invention While It Is Free.

Macaura continues to give his free trial treatment. Hundreds have already tested it and are marvelling at the wonderful curative properties of the now World-renowned invention, the Blood Circulator. The thoughtful and learned medical profession of not only Great Britain, but France, Germany, and America, we understand, have expressed great surprise and interest in Dr. Macaura's wonderful invention, which has so rapidly created a new era in the cure of Rheumatism, Paralytics, Deafness, etc. What can this mean? Merely that modern science and invention have outpaced the methodical drugging of the afflicted in search of relief for their suffering.

A visit to Dr. Macaura's Institute alone will prove the great enthusiasm of the patients who go there to try his invention and convince themselves of its wonderful curative powers.

The doctor still continues to give free trial treatment to every caller. Hence it would be advisable for all who desire to be treated to call at the Institute, 12, Princes St., Hanover Sq., W., without delay. Continually the doctor is receiving testimonials of the benefit derived from a single treatment both at the Royal Albert Hall during the Demonstrations and at the Institute. Of course it would be quite impossible to give anything like a full account of the numerous sufferers already cured or relieved. The following should prove of interest to sufferers and the public generally, and give one a fair idea of the possibilities of this wonderful yet simple invention.

Lady Discards Her Sticks.

Rheumatic Joints Loosened While Thousands Applaud.

MACAURA, The Inventor.

It was a great surprise to the large audience at the Macaura Demonstration at the Royal Albert Hall, when Mrs. Wolmouth, of 9, Molyneux St., W. got out of her chair and walked with scarcely a limp after being treated with the Blood Circulator for about ten minutes. She had been a chronic rheumatic sufferer for years, and of course she and her friends in the audience did not expect that Dr. Macaura would make any great change in her condition in one application of his machine. This lady had spent eight months in hospital, three months at Bath, and six months at Buxton, under skilled treatment, and so chronic was her condition that nothing did her any good. She can now walk up and down stairs and get in and out of a 'bus—a thing she has not done for many years. She can walk without sticks or other supports and her gratitude to Dr. Macaura is unbounded. Of course, as Dr. Macaura explained in his lectures at the Royal Albert Hall, he did not look for a complete cure in one application of his machine, but he said all such cases as that of Mrs. Wolmouth could be entirely cured by continuous treatment.

Titled Lady's Sister Cured.

A lady who had been cured of deafness at Manchester was also present at the Albert Hall Demonstration, and so grateful was she that she stood up and told the audience all about her marvellous cure. She said she had been stone deaf for years, and that she had been cured about a year ago at Manchester, where she had been then residing. She now lives in London, and is well known in London society. Her sister is a titled lady, and her niece is a viscountess. The lady's own name is Mrs. Johnson, and if there is any doubt existing in the minds of anyone, let them call on Dr. Macaura, and he will furnish the address. Dr. Macaura does not publish the address of anyone without their consent, and in this case the lady objects to it, because hundreds would be calling on and writing her; still, she would be only too happy to speak her mind as she did at the Albert Hall.

The Book and Trial Treatment Absolutely Free Now. Test It While It is Free.

Let there be no mistake as to the possibilities of this powerful machine. All are invited to test it free at present, and rich and poor are treated alike. It is not recommended except where there is a reasonable hope of success. Cancer cases are not accepted, nor consumption, nor Bright's disease, and many other diseases. But rheumatics are benefited at once.

Paralytics are not curable in all cases, but improvement can be brought about in all cases. Many cases of deafness are also rejected, still one application restores the hearing in many apparently hopeless cases.

It takes twopence postage on the Macaura Book, which explains everything, and this should be enclosed when sending for it. The hours at the Macaura Institute are 10 to 1 and 3 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6. The Blood Circulator can be seen and tested there, and there only. Macaura has no agents.

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Every coloured Pyramid Handkerchief is guaranteed indelible colours, superior quality and perfect make. If found otherwise, you can obtain free replacement, or your money back in full.

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LISSUE Handkerchiefs for Women of Quality.

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JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

THE EDITOR *replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.*]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when sending cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS, when referring to previous communications which they may have addressed to us, should always mention the nature of the matter therein referred to. Owing to the great increase in the number of ENQUIRIES *received consequent upon the abnormal growth in our circulation, it is no longer possible to answer them all in "Letter Bag,"* AND ONLY THOSE OF GENERAL INTEREST *will be noticed. The Editor will, of course, still be grateful for information, "biscuit" material, newspaper cuttings, etc.*

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write names and addresses upon the back of their work. The Editor can accept no responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED, ADDRESSED ENVELOPES ARE SENT FOR THE PURPOSE. ALL MATTER SUBMITTED MUST BE ORIGINAL UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED.

The EDITOR *can express no opinion upon the value of postage stamps, old china, pictures, coins, books, etc.*

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be sent in the first instance; if inspection of the originals is required, a request will be forwarded to that effect.*

DISMISSAL FROM THE ARMY.—P. E. G. (Aldershot).—What we said was that we know of no authority that enables the colonel commanding a regiment to dismiss a man who has not been court martialled, or to forfeit his deferred pay. You refer us to Article 1044 (E), but if you read it again you will find that a soldier must be sentenced by court-martial before the penalty named can be inflicted. So with Section 1085, which deals with the powers of court-martial as to forfeiture of service for pension. There, too, you will find that a court-martial is the condition precedent of deprivation.

M. L. (Notts) complains that someone in Surbiton sent his firm an express letter on April 2nd, which was delivered in Nottingham on April 15th, and, like ourselves, he sighs for a Business Government.

P. D. (Manchester).—The Wellington Supply Company is *sub judice*, so we must say no more. But we will tell Jim Crow that he is "missed by many." What bad shots they must be.

F. B. (London, N.W.) has obtained a refund from Norman and Co. (41, Church Street, Birmingham) and thanks us for taking up the matter.

MRS. S. R. (Bedford Park) wants a biscuit for an advertisement of "black Minorca hen with four legs." But perhaps the bird was a freak.

R. R. R. (London, S.E.) hurt his knee and arranged to see H. A. Barker, "bloodless surgeon" (12A, Park Lane), for a guinea. Barker said an operation under chloroform would be necessary and that his usual fee was £50, but that he would take 5 guineas. R. R. R. did not return, and soon recovered. This does not, of course, prove that Barker is any worse than many qualified surgeons, but perhaps other readers have experienced his treatment.

T. H. M. (Brierley Hill) enquires about the British Waiters' Society School of Instruction (9, Surrey Street, Strand, W.C.).

F. W. S. (Stroud Green) says commercial travellers have to pay for their bags of samples on railways. One day, on the South Eastern, his bag was weighed and found to be 12 lbs., for which he was charged 1s., but on the return journey from Dover it was found to be 16 lbs., and cost him 1s. 4d. Another time, going to Margate, his bag was 8 lbs. = 8d. Determined not to be done on the return journey, he took out samples and put them in his pockets. What was his surprise when the merry men at Margate Station announced 12 lbs., and claimed 1s.! We remember once, at Constantinople Station, complaining of the charge for our luggage, whereupon the officials blandly enquired, "Well, how much are you willing to pay?" Our correspondent should try bargaining with the S.E. & C.R. officials, or toss them double or quits. Meanwhile, we await the explanation of the company.

M. L. (Fiji) says he has been robbed of 150 rupees by a brother Mason, and that another craftsman levanted after borrowing 300 rupees. Those are unfortunate examples of brotherly love.

"DISTRICT SUPERINTENDENT" says that mechanics, fitters and cleaners, who slaved for the London General Omnibus Company when motor omnibuses were in their infancy, are being discharged now that there are fewer break-downs. This sounds hard, but is only an example of the law of supply and demand. As we all know, a public company has not even a soul to be damned.

W. C. (Tufnell Park) thinks it a scandal that a bucket-shop circular should be addressed to "a female member of a household," because "it is a temptation to which they should never be put." We hope the lady has never been exposed to any worse temptation.

A. W. (Colchester) complains that, at some bars, the right bottle is refilled with the wrong whisky. He should refuse to pay for it.

A. E. E. (Bedford).—It was ingenious of the writer in *Home Notes* to describe the "Letters of a Mother to her Unborn Babe" as "Letters to My Son." Prophecy is presumably permissible in fiction.

Miss M. L. B. (Nashville, Tenn.) thinks it may interest her "English sisters" to hear what she is doing in America as a Suffragette. We are on the tip-toe of expectation.

(Continued on page 686.)

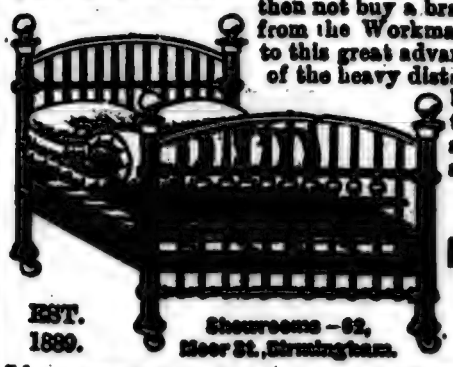
GOVERNMENT and MUNICIPAL EXAMINATIONS.

Those desiring to qualify for Civil Service, or for Sanitary, Factory, Weights and Measures Inspectorships or as Lady Health Visitors, School Nurses, etc., should write for guide to Secretary, Sanitary Training College, 133, High Holborn, London.

A Word to the Wide-Awake.

All Goods Sent Direct from Factory to Home.

Nothing deteriorates in stock like a bedstead. If you saw a brand new Bedstead (such as I supply) placed side by side with one that has been in a Shopkeeper's Showroom, perhaps only a few weeks, you would be surprised at the difference between the two. Why then not buy a brand new Bedstead direct from the Workman's hands? In addition to this great advantage you will save some of the heavy distributing expenses incurred by buying Bedsteads, &c., through Shops or Stores, and also have a large assortment of new designs to select from.



EST. 1889.

Showrooms—62, Moor St., Birmingham.

For Twenty-one Years

I have supplied the Public Direct (without making use of Shops or Stores) with Bedsteads, Wire Mattresses, Bedding, Cots, Curbs of every description, and also general Household Furniture.

Prompt Despatch. Packed Free. Carriage Paid.

CASH OR INSTALMENTS.

FULL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES POST FREE.

CHAS. RILEY, (DESK 3), MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

A WONDERFUL 10-MINUTE CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND BILIOUSNESS.

Not a Drug—Not a Purgative—and Just a Teaspoonful Quickly "Puts you Right" with Mind Bright and Spirits Light.

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE PACKAGE.

WITHOUT any charge, even without going to any trouble or inconvenience, every reader who is ever troubled with any digestive disturbance of any kind, who is subject either frequently or only occasionally, to attacks of *Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia,* or *Liver Trouble,* can now obtain (simply by writing for it) a large package of a wonderful Health remedy, which cures the trouble at once, which sets the Liver "right," and which renders the digestion absolutely efficient—and yet which is neither a drug nor a purgative. You know that from the fact that it "puts you right" almost instantly. One teaspoonful of MER-SYREN—it is in the form of a tasteless powder—a drink of warm water, tea, coffee, or milk, and in two minutes the *Biliousness* and *Nervous Depression* have vanished—gone as though they had never been, gone "like the baseless fabric of a vision," leaving not a wrack behind. Sold by Boots and all leading Chemists in Boxes 2s. 9d. and 1s. 1½d., or direct, post free.

Send in your application to

The MER-SYREN Co., 19 Cockspur St., London, S.W.

Enclose **2d.** in stamps to cover postage of package.

RUPTURE

Stuart Plaster-Pad Co., 66-67, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.
Nov. 11, 1909.

Dear Sirs,—It is almost impossible for me to describe this wonderful relief which the PLASTER-PADS gave me after suffering with a cruel rupture for over eight years. I am glad to say that I do not feel the slightest movement of the rupture even when coughing or heavy lifting, and I feel convinced that the PLASTER-PADS have succeeded where trusses and truss treatments failed. Please use this letter for the benefit of other sufferers.—Gratefully yours, CHARLES COUCHMAN.

STUART'S PLASTER-PADS are different from the painful truss, and being self-adhesive they hold the rupture in place without straps, buckles, or springs—cannot slip so cannot chafe or press against the pelvic bone. The pads contain a wonderful medicine which is kept constantly in contact, thereby curing the most obstinate cases. Thousands have successfully treated themselves without hindrance from work and in the privacy of the home. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. Write to-day, and "Trial Treatment," with interesting book, will be sent free. Address: STUART PLASTER-PAD CO. (Dept.) 66-67, Shoe Lane, London, E.C.

PAID AWAY TO CLIENTS

(ON SPECULATIVE ACCOUNTS ONLY)

£364,100

(The Sign of the N. S. E. is the Size of the £. S. D.)

BY THE

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE.

When all other Stock and Share Dealers have had their say we point to the amount of money we have paid away to Clients. The crux of the question for the individual in opening up business transactions with a stock and share dealer is whether he can add to his income. Other firms have other ways of trying to convince you. We convince by figures, which are the essence of business; later, by results to you.

In introducing ourselves thus to prospective clients, we could not talk business better than by making a statement of the amount of our payments to clients—a statement which everyone may verify. When we draw a Cheque in favour of a client, it means that he has made money. Below are particulars of accounts showing recent cheques paid to several clients. They are, of course, merely an indication of results and not by any means representative of complete results; moreover, our clients number thousands

JOIN THE PROFIT-MAKERS.

If you do not choose to do business with us after you have inquired into our *bona-fides*, into the truth of all that we state, and our claim that we are the Largest and Strongest firm of Stock and Share Dealers in the United Kingdom, nothing is lost. We merely ask you to fill in this Coupon and post to us We will then convince you that you can make money through us.

THE WAY IS EASY BY FILLING IN COUPON.

T. S.'s Account.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16559	14	10	0
16573	10	10	0
16755	27	0	6
16859	26	5	0
16943	24	5	3
17010	14	10	0
17135	21	10	0
17182	19	9	0
17551	18	5	0
17610	11	5	0
17862	15	5	0
18080	5	0	0
18188	6	10	0
Total	£213	15	9

E.W.D.'s Account.

17260	28	15	0
17420	18	7	6
17715	18	15	0
17911	10	0	0
Total	£75	17	6

Mrs. T. B.'s Account

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16728	59	5	0
16939	33	15	0
16999	43	2	6
17323	48	0	0
17587	45	10	0
17671	31	10	0
17883	34	10	0
18238	99	0	0
18349	36	0	0
18400	37	0	0
18460	15	0	0
18489	16	10	0
18570	44	5	0
18815	45	0	0
18990	19	10	0
18387	74	9	1
Total	£732	6	7

W.W.'s Account.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
17221	8	10	0
17376	12	0	0
17394	8	15	0
17459	12	0	0
17549	8	0	6
17814	40	0	0
17947	40	0	0
18042	8	0	3
18164	10	15	0
18295	165	16	3
18359	164	17	3
18525	81	19	4
18736	192	6	0
18923	28	1	3
18984	192	11	0
Total	£973	11	3

T. J. B.'s Account.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16711	18	2	6
16792	16	5	0
16995	16	0	0
17332	12	0	0
17565	12	0	0
17643	12	0	0
17697	12	0	0
17860	24	0	0
18321	20	0	0
18450	37	10	0
18488	20	0	0
18551	20	0	0
18595	15	0	0
18665	20	0	0
18748	35	0	0
18992	20	0	0
19016	20	0	0
19074	40	0	0
19305	11	0	0
Total	£370	17	6

Col. B.'s Account.

Cheques	£	s.	d.
16563	43	10	0
16798	33	0	0
17033	20	0	0
17138	22	0	0
17238	25	0	0
17239	6	0	0
17417	12	0	0
18769	12	0	0
19036	12	0	0
19282	6	0	0
Total	£191	10	0

Mrs. H. C.'s Account.

16918	46	13	0
17227	22	15	0
17486	12	0	0
17759	30	0	0
17908	56	0	0
18915	20	12	6
Total	£188	0	6

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £364,100, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

J.B. 560

NAME .....
(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss or Title)

ADDRESS IN FULL .....

(Please Write Distinctly) DATE.....

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"Cumberian" (Cumberland).—A million used British stamps are of no use to a hospital, so we are afraid Miss Griffin, of Hyde Hall, N.S.W., is wasting her time.

"Fairplay" (Southampton) and others call our attention to the immunity claimed by "Government" vessels for light dues when discharging cargoes "for freight." It does seem unfair towards private traders.

J. E. (Edinburgh).—Evidently the editor of the *Evening Express* cannot see a joke.

E. B. (Beckenham).—You seem to have been badly treated—but cheer up. What was the exact charge against you?

"Recklaw" (Queen's Square, W.C.) informs Crow that Cromwell's statue "adds a lustre and dignity to the Palace of Westminster by reminding beholders of a great fight for freedom." "Take away that bauble," says Crow.

H. D. (W. Kensington) complains of a turf accountant named A. Turner (Broadmead House, Panton Street, Haymarket). We are preparing a black list of bookmakers.

T. J. B. (Herne Hill) complains of W. R. Howell and Co., booksellers and Publishers (42, Theobalds Road, W.C.), who obtained an order for one volume of "The Family Physician," and now require him to take four more volumes. He asks if other readers have had a similar experience.

E. G. (Chatham) enquires why the men of the Home Fleet were given Easter leave from Portland when the ships had to come to Sheerness afterwards to replenish their stores. He thinks it hard that they should have to pay unnecessary railway fares. So do we. But we can't promise that even a Business Government will be able to "hasten promotion," except by shooting or drowning a few admirals.

T. H. C. N. (Kentish Town) defends the Vicar of St. Martin's, Gospel Oak, against A. C. (Kentish Town). There was no need to suppose that we had admitted an anonymous attack or other "stab in the dark," and we said nothing to endorse the charges, such as they were.

H. H. (Kennington) sends us a letter received from an advertiser who wanted a boy to undertake all the duties of a house, including cooking, laundry, waiting, cleaning boots, etc., for £13 a year. This is a tall order, but why answer the advertisement in the first instance?

S. G. M.—Of course a man has before sued a woman for breach of promise, but he rarely gets more than a farthing damages.

J. E. S. (London, N.E.) relates his experiences with the Artificial Teeth Aid Society, Ltd.—"Hon. Secretary, The Right Hon. Lord Haldon"—who, he says, after telling him that their charge would be four guineas, tried to prevent him by force from taking away the "letter" which they issue to aid them in posing as a benevolent institution. But J. E. S. was too sturdy for them. It is extraordinary that *anybody* should do work for such a concern gratuitously.

A. P. L. B. (British Columbia) sends us a newspaper cutting, containing an account of an aviation meeting, at which an aeronaut named Hamilton was to make a flight. The main point of the story is that as the crowd pressed too closely upon the machine Mr. Hamilton, after first using "the flat of a shovel" to drive the people back, ultimately drew a six-shooter and "stood them off" till the police arrived.

S. H. (Croydon) tells us that at a recent wedding at Addiscombe Church, the verger, by mistake, gave out books relating to christening and churching. How does S. H. know it was a mistake?

W. H. H. (Birmingham) informs us that at Birmingham it is almost three times as heinous an offence to hold a meeting on the King's high road as to get drunk and violently assault a public speaker in another place. What "other place?" That usually means the House of Lords.

"A Victim" (Wishaw, N.B.) sends a warning against Arthur Lonsdale, "the tipster from the Carlton Club, West Bromwich." We certainly mistrust Carlton Club tipsters.

E. T. S. (Caterham Valley).—You should sue the Lady Blount Medical Society, 9, Newman Street, Oxford Street. Being unregistered and unqualified they cannot charge for dental "advice."

S. L. S. (Bristol).—Mr. Leon says that charge against the sailors was a joke. A very bad one.

"A Scot" (Holt Heath) is annoyed with Mr. Ure for stating that Ireland, according to her population, has no more crime than Scotland. He calls this a fib, and answers that the greater part of the crime of Glasgow is committed by the Irish.

T. B. (Rotherhithe) writes in defence of G. Braham, Flushing, but does not sign his name.

F. B. (Stockport) sends us a curious argument. Unemployment in New York State having been 30 per cent. in May, 1908, as against 7 per cent. here, we are asked to believe that this is because American Protection attracted so much labour. This is scarcely an argument for Protection over here.

C. W. (Kingston-on-Thames) called the attention of Kingston Union Infirmary Authorities to certain abuses. After about two months he was removed to a small ward, and he points out that this is usually regarded as a punishment. Then it was discovered that his health did not admit of his taking exercise. He forcibly resisted the confiscation of his trousers, but was refused an opportunity of bringing the matter before a magistrate. Then an insane patient was placed with him for about three weeks. He has appealed to the Local Government Board, but has been recommended to put his case before the Guardians, who, as he points out, are not likely to condemn their own policy. What does he wish us to do?

(We regret we are obliged to hold over a large number of replies.)

I CURE RUPTURE

NO FURTHER USE FOR TRUSSES.

If you are ruptured or know of anyone suffering from rupture, you should interest yourself at once in my Method of Cure. My plan differs from all others in the fact that it not only retains any kind of rupture continually and securely with perfect comfort, but causes new flesh to form in the ruptural opening, thus binding the broken place firmly, and producing an absolutely perfect and permanent cure. No other Method does this. I have proved again and again that I can cure rupture even after two operations have failed to cure. Mr. Wm. Edwards, Brook Cottage, Tafis Well, via Cardiff who was soundly cured at the age of 52 years, says, "I am writing to thank you for the wonderful cure I have received through your Treatment after suffering **30 years** from a **double rupture. I am completely cured, and have not worn any truss this four years.** I have given it a good test, and am as strong as ever."

Mr. Wm. Edwards.

This case is one of the many thousands which have entirely dispensed with a truss after using my Method of curing rupture—a thoroughly tried method that has cured every kind and condition of rupture in men, women and children, the labouring man as well as the gentleman of leisure, at home, without pain, danger, operation or loss of time, and at a small cost.

A very valuable treatise on Rupture has just been issued, which will enable any sufferer to know as much about the true nature of Rupture as any ordinary Doctor. It also explains fully the process of cure, and will show you just what to do to be cured. A cure will mean freedom from suffering and years of comfort added to the length of your life. I desire to place a copy in the hands of every ruptured person, for the great benefit I know it will be to them. For the immediate relief of all ruptured people a sample treatment and complete detail will be sent free (sealed and post paid) to all who write within the next 30 days. Address WILLIAM S. RICE, R.S., LTD. G.P.O. Box No. 5 (B 1343), 8 & 9, STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON, E.C.

SEED POTATOES.

Dalmeny Hero, Table Talk, The Factor, Duchess of Cornwall, President, King Edward VII., Scottish Triumph, Lord Dundonald, Evergood, Up-to-Date, Epicure, Sharpe's Express, Curtis' Wonder and Eating Potatoes.
6d. per 14 lbs, 1/6 per 56 lbs., 2/6 per 112 lbs.

Beauty of Hebron, Myatts, May Queen, Duke of York, Midlothian Early, Ninety Fold, Early Rose and Early Puritan.
8d. per 14 lbs., 2/3 per 56 lbs., 4/- per 112 lbs.

Sacks free for cash with order. Free on Rails, and sent to any address immediately upon receipt of P.O. Send for full List of Potatoes, Peas, and Beans, and particulars of our Cash Prize Competition.

C. L. CURTIS (DEPT 33), **Anchor St., Chatteris, Cambs.**

NOVEL CO-OPERATIVE MONEY SCHEME.

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"WEEKLY REPORT,"

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Fill in this Coupon for Sample Copy Free.

Name.....

Address .....

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Suits Cut by Experts. Prices from 42s. Instalments 5s. monthly. Be measured at home. Full particulars, telling how, from the GOOD WEAR CO. (Dept. 33), 6, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton.

THE POCKET BISCUIT

SPRATT'S MEAT FIBRINE "OVALS"

Nothing to equal them in quality. You will be pleased with their appearance. Your dog will look for more.

ABOUT 240 TO THE LB.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Free Sample of SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 24 & 25, Fenchurch St., London, E.C.

GALE'S SPECIAL.

ONE SHILLING PER COPY.

A SPORTING OFFER!!!
GALE'S SPECIAL" is now universally appreciated, and its reputation and merits are recognised by the whole of the sporting world. Its popularity grows week by week; the sales have enormously increased, and the great demand last week reveals a national reputation.

NO SPORTSMAN CAN AFFORD TO NEGLECT!!!
the offer we are making in order to commemorate our success, and those who avail themselves of this opportunity will not involve any loss or expense. In the ordinary way the cost of "GALE'S SPECIAL" to the end of the season would be 28s., but to the first five thousand applicants we will reduce the SEASON'S SUBSCRIPTION to ONE GUINEA, which will include a copy of the paper each week and all private letters to the end of the season. That is not all! We want to put new subscribers on a really good thing, and we will send to each one

NEXT SATURDAY'S TWO HORSE WIRE FREE!!!
It will be admitted on every hand that this is the most amazing offer ever placed before the sporting public, but our phenomenal success places us in the unique position of being able to deal generously with good sportsmen. Send us your subscription to-day. WE GUARANTEE THE WIRE!

YOU CANNOT LOSE!!!
A glance at our record is sufficient to demonstrate conclusively the success we have hitherto attained, and to indicate that the fame of "GALE'S SPECIAL" has been achieved by merit alone. Won't you share our success?

RECENT SATURDAY WIRES!!!
have given the most startling and exclusive information ever placed before the racing public. Our Tattersall's Ring Wires have given:—

Saturday, April 23rd—	
GRIMMET, 3 to 1 agst.	Won
PRICOTA, 7 to 2 agst.	Won
Saturday, April 16th—	
GALLEON, 11 to 10 agst.	Won
SYCE, 4 to 1 agst.	Won
Saturday, April 9th—	
ABATTIS, 5 to 2 agst.	Won
Queen Beauty Colt	Second
Saturday, April 2nd—	
Kalidasa	Lost
Ninian	Lost
Saturday, March 26th—	
BLUE SAND, 7 to 1 agst.	Won
FAIRY TOAST, 10 to 1 agst.	Won
Saturday, March 19th—	
JOYFUL, 9 to 4 agst.	Won
DAMAGE, 7 to 4 agst.	Won

INSPIRED INFORMATION!!!
What we offer you is certain, sound, trustworthy, exclusive information. "GALE'S SPECIAL" is now universally appreciated, and upon all sides one continually hears of benefits received by followers of the "Sport of Kings" who have participated in the information wired to clients, and so important has been the impression created in sporting circles generally that the intelligence is regarded by those best calculated to form an authoritative judgment as nothing less than inspired.

TATTERSALL'S RING WIRES!!!
TEN POUNDS FOR TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS.
TWELVE WINNERS FOR TEN POUNDS.
TEN POUNDS FOR TWELVE GUARANTEED WINNERS,
"Gale's Special" Guarantees You Twelve Winners for Ten Pounds,

OCCASIONAL ONE HORSE WIRES!!!
THREE POUNDS FOR TEN. THREE POUNDS FOR TEN.
FIVE POUNDS FOR TWENTY.
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
TWO-HORSE WIRES!!! ONE POUND PER WEEK!
FIVE MESSAGES FOR TWENTY SHILLINGS!!!
THE TWO BEST THINGS OF THE DAY!!!

WILL YOU SHARE OUR TRIUMPHS???
We think you may be glad to let our knowledge supplement yours, and the substitution of profitable for unprofitable intelligence will mean an increased revenue for you. The success we have already achieved speaks for itself, for "GALE'S SPECIAL" IS HOT ON THE TRACK, and has merited by efficient and accurate service the kudos of the sporting world.

A RECORD OF SUCCESS!!!
GALE'S SPECIAL," among other winners has sent out this season SLIEVE ROE, POWDER PUFF, RED SHAH, DESMOND'S PRIDE, THEO BOLD, OLD CHINA, SALAMET, ANGLICUS, BLACK PLUM, SEISDON SQUIRE, etc., etc.

WHAT DO YOU SAY???
You must admit our record has been a wonderful one of consistency and reliability. There is nothing to fear! We don't believe in "swank" or guesswork, and if you join us your success is assured. WILL YOU SUBSCRIBE?

Note that our ONLY address is—

GALE'S SPECIAL,
Ruskin Buildings, BIRMINGHAM.

Telegraphic Address—"WINNERS, BIRMINGHAM."

We undertake No Commissions for Clients, and do not accept Minors or Students at Public Schools as Subscribers.

SECONDHAND FURNITURE.

Costly Modern and Antique, Without Any Reserve

IMPORTANT PRIVATE SALE,
Sir WALTER GILBEY, Bart., and T. ANTHONY DENNY, Esq., Deceased

The Newman St. Furniture and Antique Depositories (Ltd.),
AUCTIONEERS, VALUERS AND ESTATE AGENTS,

offer a fresh lot of goods, as below, for immediate sale privately, without any reserve, just removed from Cambridge House, Regent's Park; 7, Connaught Place, Hyde Park; Russell Square, Bayswater, Raynes Park, Milford Haven, and elsewhere. Any article can be stored free for 12 months, and can be purchased separately and delivered in town or country free of all charge. Good opportunity for dealers, boarding-house keepers, connoisseurs, and those requiring good secondhand furniture at less than one-fourth its value. The drawing-room furniture, which is almost new, comprises, amongst other things, French-gilt Louis XIV. drawing-room suite upholstered in silk, designed by Monsieur Watteau, of Paris, worth 80 guineas, accept 20 guineas; a unique satinwood drawing-room suite, comprising cabinet with drawers enclosed, centre table, overmantel, Empire settee, two lounge chairs and six occasional chairs, all upholstered in French silk, accept 23 guineas, worth treble; Chippendale design drawing-room suite, 10 guineas; also Sheraton design set, 12 guineas; two Chesterfields, upholstered in a fine art tapestry, convertible ends, one 40s. and the other 60s.; 5ft. stuffover settee with rounded ends, upholstered in flowered silk, on turn gilt legs and casters, 6 guineas; six divan club easy chairs, 22s. each; 10 pretty and exquisite design occasional drawing-room chairs, 6s. each; very fine old Dutch inlaid cabinet, two elegant Vernis Martin cabinets, two buhl cabinets (fully inlaid), French writing bureau, and a magnificent specimen cabinet fitted with glass doors, grand piano by Broadwood, 15 guineas; also grand piano by Collard and Collard, 12 guineas; a magnificent instrument by Gustav Richter, £14; and a fine tone piano, £10; grand piano by C. Bechstein, no offer refused if reasonable; a brilliant tone, full-compass, iron frame, trichord boudoir grand pianoforte, in rosewood case, on fluted legs, by Steinway and Sons; American organ; piano player, by Hardman; almost new, very massive square pillar all-brass bedstead, full size, with pure hair mattress, etc., from 60s.; an Italian square brass tube bedstead, 3 guineas; black and brass bedstead, 30s.; 10 most massive and elaborate bedroom suites in Heppelwhite, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Sheraton, ash, white enamel, oak, etc., from 70s. each; ebonised show cabinets with carved boxwood panels, 6ft. mahogany wardrobe, fitted rail, 10 pegs, bonnet drawer, two sliding trays, five long and two short drawers, silvered glass centre, two panel doors, 9 guineas; 4ft. Spanish mahogany chest of four long drawers, shape top, with column support on plinth, £3 10s.; mahogany shaving stand with adjustable circular mirror, 25s.; 3ft. 6in. birch washstand, 10s.; Sheraton design bedroom suite, 6 guineas; large-size, fully inlaid suite, 10 guineas, and one at 15 guineas; three old antique chests, two tallboy chests, two very fine satinwood bedroom suites inlaid with kingwood, etc., with cheval glasses to match, 6ft. Sheraton design bedroom suite, 25 guineas, worth 60 guineas; mahogany cheval glass, 6 guineas; 3ft. mahogany robe, two bedside tables, etc., the dining, library, and reception furniture, comprises an elaborate carved oak dining-room set, consisting of two Elizabethan design carved oak chairs, six small chairs to match; most elegant and massive carved oak sideboard with bevel plate-glass back, extending dining table, all to match, six very fine specimens of reproduction of Chippendale chairs upholstered in crimson leather, also Sheraton design set, Heppelwhite set, a very fine Queen Anne dining-room set, 8 guineas; mahogany-frame, high back, open armchair, upholstered in crimson leather, 3 guineas; stuffover couch, upholstered in crimson morocco, 4 guineas; mahogany-frame, open armchair in morocco, £2 15s.; six walnut-frame dining chairs, seats upholstered en suite, 6 guineas; two oak bookcases, a morning-room suite in solid oak, comprising oak Welsh dresser, with copper fitments, and a William and Mary design suite upholstered in red leather, table, overmantel, all to match, accept 13 guineas; 6ft. 6in. oak sideboard, 4ft. chiffonniere, 5ft. walnut dining table (seven leaves), 4ft. 6in. grain walnut writing table, ormolu clock, a real Chippendale corner cupboard, three dining tables, opening to 16ft., from 30s.; mahogany dinner wagon, a convertible billiard dining table, with balls, cues, etc, and old oak coffer, two grandfather clocks, chiming on tubes, striking mantel clock by Leroy et Fils, Paris, with compensated movement, brass and ormolu dial, in ebonised glazed case, 26in. high; morocco Chesterfield and two club easys to match; the Wilton pile, maroon and figured buff ground and bordered carpet, 15ft. 9ins. by 17ft. Turkey and Persian carpets, fine specimens, also Axminster, Brussels, and other carpets, from 20s. each; about 16 pairs very fine silk curtains and mantel drapery to match, a rare collection of china, including a very fine Wedgwood dessert service, Dresden coffee service, etc., collection of fine old silver and Sheffield plate in Georgian and other designs; canteen of silver, 100 pieces, 7 guineas; two very fine sets of English-cut table glass, large quantity of bed and table linen; curtains, etc.; some rare oil and water-colour paintings and engravings, several pieces of plate by Mappin and Webb, two-plated candelabras and three pairs candlesticks, some very fine and unique bear and tiger skins, mounted as rugs, full heads, 10 cases of wines, assorted; very fine cigar cabinet; Parisian Victoria, miniature brougham, and two motor-cars, two wine bins, etc. All can be seen, and are being sold, without any reserve, every day, from nine to nine, except Saturdays, when we close at seven, at

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RACING NOTES.

By W. Lotinga.

("Larry Lynx" of The People, and "Magpie" of The Globe.)

Batho's Apprentices.

Little W. D'Arcy, Batho's apprentice who went out to South Africa last December, rode his first winner, after a dead heat, appropriately enough, upon the three-year-old Dick Melton, bought out of Martin's string at Lambourn last back-end. The boy's horsemanship was much praised by the executive, and the owner, Mr. E. J. Akerman, to whom he is under agreement, has given him a diamond horseshoe pin as a memento of the occasion. The extraordinary coincidence was that the jockey, Simpson, his co-dead-heater, was also formerly apprenticed to Batho, but went to Africa three or four years ago. Dick Melton—who has won again at last month's Durban meeting—was bred by Sir Henry Randall, and is from his favourite sire, Sir Harry Melton—from Lady Diakka, whose two-year-old sister I have named for the sporting baronet through *Lotinga's Weekly*.

Prophetic.

By the time my readers obtain these notes, Chester is practically over, but we have a big programme in front of us at Kempton, preluded by a sporting little gathering of the old-fashioned type at Harpenden to-day (Thursday), just in time to have a gamble on

REX

in the Hunters' Selling Flat Race. The little horse is thunderingly well, and I cannot see that there is anything in the moderate entries to beat him. He is no "Blucher," but will be out for all he is worth, and in Mr. J. H. Charters' hands I earnestly hope he *will* win it, for which purpose he was expressly bought, as was Throne and Country (late Moet), for the Combermere Handicap, in which Higgs rides him. Bet each way.

At Kempton I feel compelled to overlook our good friend Toyshop—although only nominally penalised—in favour of

FERIK

in the Manor Handicap, in which he has the top-weight, Telbedde, to beat. If we were certain that Glasgerion were quite himself thus early, which is not usual with Beatty's horses, I should unquestionably go for the four-year-old in the Stewards' Handicap. As it is, I think one of the bottom weights, Ben-a-Bahn or our old friend Syce, will about get home. Next day Gala Tweed should win one of his races—particularly if satisfied with the Shepperton Selling Plate, whilst Temeraire would be sure of the Sunningdale Park Plate, which Marajax would take in his absence. In the Jubilee I have always had one opinion, that

ELECTRA

will head the field. Although writing of necessity some days in advance, and risking the chops and changes, I have no wish to alter this opinion. Symon's Pride would be a danger, if run and backed.

Next week at Newmarket I think that Moorland Lad should pay to back each way in Tuesday's Handicap.

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RESULT OF INFORMATION v. GUESSWORK.

April 16th, SYCE, 4 to 1, won. April 19th, ELECTRIC BOY, 8 to 1, 2nd. April 20th, MASTER ROBIN, 25 to 1, won. April 21, TOY SHOP, 7 to 2, won. April 22nd, EBOR, 7 to 1, won. April 23rd, DOMINO, 100 to 12, 2nd. April 25th, POTHEEN, 7 to 1, won. April 26th, BOARDILL II. (result unknown at time of going to press). Post £1 3s. for five wires includes Jubilee, or £1 12s. 6d. for 10. "Off" early. Begin any day. Post 1s. for our GUARANTEED GREAT JUBILEE WIRE. A startling "big surprise" and clever S.P. JOB COUP, which keep "private." Race at its mercy. Special information. If it fails we will advise you FREE on all the BIG EVENTS till March 1911.

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WORKING ON THE "BOOKIES'" MONEY,

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THE GREATEST TURF ADVISER IN THE WORLD.

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BELFAST. *August 28th, 1909.*

SIR,—To-day's wire makes the fifteenth of a series of 25. You last week gave 4 winning days, and one horse a N.R., and such prices as 11 to 1, 9 to 2, and 6 to 1. Imagine the splendid balance I have in hand up to Saturday, the 25th inst. Further, you start this week with a lovely 5 to 1 chance (to-day's result I do not know at time of writing), but at present I am perfectly satisfied with your system, and consider you are fully justified, and can *conscientiously* claim all you advertise.

Wishing you a continuance of such glorious winners.

Yours very truly, E. E. F.

P.S.—My "Bookie" is beginning to look rather curiously at me.

BRISTOL. *September 27th, 1909.*

DEAR MR. ALLEN,—Just a word of congratulation on the really splendid results of the past week. I think that I am well acquainted with all the Turf Systems put before the public during the past ten to fifteen years, but not One of them appeals so strongly to me as does the plan you advocate, and which has achieved such magnificent success during the period it has been in operation. Your system of investment involves a minimum of risk with a maximum of success, and backed by such sterling information as you have shown yourself able to command, the word "failure" scarcely entered into the programme.

With all good wishes. Sincerely yours, C. H.

I see no earthly reason why you should not follow my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES. You must have a good Turf Adviser if you want to make racing pay, so why not follow the man who has studied racing and systems all his life, the man who desires to see you win; for in your success lies his own success.

I have clients on my books who have been following my DAILY SYSTEM WIRES ever since I first introduced them to the sporting public at the beginning of 1908, and it stands to reason that when my clients continue to follow me

WEEK AFTER WEEK, MONTH AFTER MONTH, & YEAR AFTER YEAR,

they must be making money; so why shouldn't you do likewise? for what one can do another can do also, and when there is money to be made, why keep in the background? Why push it away from you? Thousands of people are continually complaining that they never have an opportunity; but the real fact of the matter is that very few people grasp the opportunities that are held out to them; they cannot see them. I offer you an opportunity now to make racing pay, and if you fail to grasp it, it is your own fault. Moreover, I will go further and

GUARANTEE YOU A REGULAR INCOME,

providing you follow my instructions, and to prove to you how confident I am of my ability to make racing pay,

I WILL RETURN YOUR MONEY IN FULL

should I fail in my guarantee. You must admit that this is a sporting offer, and is convincing proof that I can carry out all I claim.

I want you to write at once for my 28-page copyright descriptive booklet containing full particulars, press notices, copies of testimonials, and a COMPLETE LIST OF SELECTIONS FOR 1909, also 1910 successes as I anticipate a real good week next week, fully equal to the corresponding week last year, when I sent all my clients on

Tuesday, 11th May.	CARGILL.	WON 4 to 1
Wednesday, 12th May.	EAST POOL.	WON 13 to 8
Thursday, 13th May.	SANDBATH.	WON 9 to 2
Friday, 14th May.	JACK SNIPE.	WON 5 to 1

(One race only each day.)

This was not a bad record—FOUR WINNERS IN FIVE DAYS—and my selection, Dibs, on the Saturday, ran second at 100 to 30; therefore, as you will see, all my clients had a good time indeed. I am particularly lucky at Newmarket, therefore do not wait even until to-morrow, but sit down and write NOW, or telephone your name and address, WHICH WILL BE KEPT STRICTLY PRIVATE.

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to gain full particulars, which will be sent in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE. Your name and address, and the words "JOHN BULL" on the back of a postcard is all that is necessary, and it will prove the best minute's work you ever did in your life; so do not hesitate, but write or 'phone immediately.

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